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BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.—I.

BY LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

[SUCH an article as follows from the pen of Lord Curzon on the problems of British rule in India has the supreme merit, apart from its other qualities, of being the work of the greatest living authority on the subject. India fascinated Lord Curzon from his earliest youth; he visited it frequently long before he became its ruler and visited it, I need hardly say, not as a mere tourist, but as a statesman, a student and an administrator already familiar with the problems of Oriental government; and for seven years, from 1898 to 1905, he held the office of Viceroy and turned its powers and opportunities to masterful and resounding use. He has thus known the great dependency, as perhaps no other man has ever known it, both from the inside and the outside; he has been able to envisage it in relation to the foreign and Imperial interests of his country; and there is not a branch of Indian policy or a detail of Indian administration with which he has failed to familiarize himself or which has escaped the impress of his compelling personality.

It is odd to recall nowadays the start of astonishment and apprehension with which England twelve years ago heard the news of his appointment to the Viceroyalty of India. Disraeli hardly raised a greater commotion when he nominated Lord Lytton to the same high office. For some Lord Curzon was too young—a fantastic objection, first, because the most successful Viceroys of India have all been men of between forty and fifty; secondly, because Lord Curzon is precisely one of those men—Pitt was another and Mr. Winston Churchill is a third—who never have been and never could be really young. Others doubted the wisdom of sending out a man with just enough knowledge of the country, as they thought, to incline him to his own judgment and not

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enough to make that judgment really trustworthy. They feared lest Lord Curzon's naturally dogmatic and combative temperament would lead him to trust to his tourist impressions rather than to the advice of his official councillors. Still more, and these mainly members of the Liberal party, looking to the strong anti-Russian strain that runs through Lord Curzon's works on China and Persia, took his nomination as a sign that the designs of India's northern neighbor were to be checkmated by a new and vigorous policy which might end in serious embroilment. Remembering, too, Lord Curzon's staunchness as a party man, they saw little chance of his abandoning the Forward Policy which the Conservatives had apparently made their own. Others again somewhat dreaded the impact of his personality upon the Indian bureaucracy. The House of Commons, and indeed the whole country, was only just beginning, in 1898, to understand Lord Curzon and to pierce through his little mannerisms to the real man behind them. It admired him, but it rather laughed at him. He showed, perhaps, too openly a cold contempt for the stupidity of his fellow mortals who made up the bulk of his fellow members. He had chosen a public career for himself at an early age and fitted himself for it with an industry that might be called a passion, reading Blue Books while other men read novels, and burrowing in statistics while his frivolous contemporaries shot pheasants. Omniscience and the Oxford manner, it was complained, hung heavily upon him; and what Mr. Labouchere used to call "the sport of taking Curzon down a peg" became a regular Radical pastime. But it was a pastime not without its dangers. Few men came out of an encounter with Lord Curzon feeling that they had had the best of it. The average M.P. stood no chance whatever against his gorgeous rhetoric, his mastery of the grand manner and the annoying fact that he not only pronounced all the foreign places correctly, but had been to them, written of them, and "ought to know."

It was precisely this quality of overwhelmingness that those who knew the Indian bureaucracy best predicted would be Lord Curzon's chief stumbling-block. The society and officialdom of Simla and Calcutta, naturally enough, prefer a "manageable" Viceroy without much force of character or initiative, one who will contentedly remain a gold-gilt dummy and figurehead, who will put himself frankly in the hands of his Council, who will preside but abstain from governing and who will receive his policies and his information at third or fourth hand. Lord Curzon never had any intention of being a Viceroy of that stamp. He landed in India with a policy; he proceeded at once to unfold it; and up to the very moment of his resignation he was remorselessly absorbed in carrying it out. Perhaps that was why few Viceroys have ever been so abundantly criticised or have aroused, both personally and politically, such heated disagreement. The strength of his self-assurance, his merciless insistence on efficiency, the vast sweep of his reforms, the trenchancy of his dialectics and his unshakable resolve to deal fairly all round—all these characteristics stirred up against him, singly or together, a vast array of antagonisms. The Bengalis whom he lectured on their

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untruthfulness; the British regiment whom he publicly disgraced because it failed to discover and punish the private who had murdered a native; the feudatory princes whom he admonished on statesmanlike lines, but somewhat in the tone of a reproving schoolmaster; the veteran civil servants whom he browbeat, overruled, outargued and made to feel that he was Viceroy in fact as well as name; and the society people whom his bearing often repelled—had all their special grievances against him. No one ever rattled the bureaucratic bones as he did; no one ever drove the machine of State with such unremitting power. He made as little effort as does Mr. Roosevelt to cultivate the small, softening, lubricating graces and the social instinct that came so easily to Lord Dufferin. No Viceroy, on the other hand, ever worked harder or accomplished more or proved so great an inspiration to the zeal and practicality of those under him. Lord Morley paid to him a year or so ago in the House of Lords a tribute as generous as it was deserved. "I hope," he declared, "it will not be bad taste to say in the noble Lord's presence that you will never send to India, and you have never sent to India, a Viceroy his superior, if, indeed, his equal, in force of mind, in unsparing and remorseless industry, in passionate and devoted interest in all that concerns the well-being of India with an imagination fired by the grandeur of the political problem that India presents—you never sent a man with more of all these attributes than when you sent Lord Curzon."

Much of the unpopularity that gathered round his Viceroyalty, let it be said at once, was of the kind that did him honor and could not have been avoided without a sacrifice of duty. Thus the partition of Bengal and the creation of a new frontier province were both unpopular measures and fiercely resented, but both were necessary. They were reforms that might have been effected in a different manner, with more regard to the feelings and interests of those concerned, but that were, at any rate, carried out and assuredly will never be undone. The outstanding feature of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty was, indeed, precisely this: that what his predecessors for thirty years merely talked of doing he actually did. He showed the Chatham "touch"; the faculty for getting things done. On all the matters he took in hand he stamped the impress of his energy and thoroughness, leaving for his successors a definite foundation to build on with a detailed plan of the superstructure to be erected and not merely voluminous reports and sketchy outlines. He did not content himself with discussing projects; he put them through; he rescued them from the oceans of ink in which they were sinking and set them finally on their feet. And to a devouring industry and practicality Lord Curzon added the priceless gift of imagination—not the imagination of sensationalism, a poor, ill-balanced, unrelated thing, but the imagination that comes, and can alone come, from profound knowledge and profound sympathy. "If our rule in India is to last," he once declared, "it must depend on the eternal moralities of righteousness and justice. Unless we can persuade the millions of India that we will give them absolute justice as between

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man and man, equality before the law, freedom from tyranny, injustice and oppression, then your Empire will not touch their hearts and will fade away. . . . Let no man admit the craven fear that those who have won India cannot hold it. That is not my forecast of the future. To me the message is carved in granite, it is hewn out of the rock of doom, that our work is righteous and that it shall endure." There spoke the true statesman, inspired with the authentic spirit of British Imperialism. It was in that spirit that Lord Curzon labored throughout his Viceroyalty. It was that spirit that drove him in the terrible summer heats to leave cool and comfortable Simla and travel through the districts that were devastated by famine. It was that spirit that made him risk his life and set to all India a vibrant example of British courage and sympathy in visit after visit to the plague-stricken natives in the hospitals.

Much of his unpopularity, whether with the natives or with the British officials, was honorable to him. Among the latter he covered himself with obloquy because he tried to hold, and succeeded in holding, an even balance between Englishmen and Indians. "Only those who have lived in India," says an experienced and impartial authority, "know how subtle and numerous are the influences which warp our judgment on this question of questions, and how much courage is needed to brave the storm which is so quickly kindled in the English community when it suspects partiality in favor of Indians. Lord Curzon was aware that at one period he ran the risk of being hooted and pelted by the English of Calcutta—a town for which he has always felt a peculiar regard—because of the action he took in the case of an Englishman accused of beating a coolie to death, but he faced the storm with equanimity in the cause of just dealing." That was an unpopularity that will be held by reasonable men among his first titles to fame; but we are bound to add that as often as not he ruffled both English and Indian susceptibilities from sheer heedlessness, overconfidence and disdain for the petty arts of management and conciliation. But admitting that some of the disfavor with which he ultimately came to be regarded by natives and English alike was gratuitously incurred and constituted a real political defect in his administration, it is still mere unbridled partisanship to pretend that it outweighed or nullified the immense value of his practical achievements. It is not possible as yet to assess those achievements at anything like their true worth. The data are lacking or are only partially forthcoming. It is too soon to judge precisely the results of his policy in Tibet, in Afghanistan, on the Indian frontier and in Persia; but enough is known to make one believe that never were the foreign affairs of India—which, remember, are the pivot of nearly all British foreign policy—so ably, courageously and successfully conducted.

So, too, with his internal administration. It is premature to pass judgment on it. But this much at least may be said, that he was able to realize the proud task which he set before himself on assuming the Viceroyalty—the task of "placing upon the anvil every branch of Indian policy and administration, of testing its efficiency and durability, and

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of doing, if possible, something for its efficiency and durability." Look at the mere record of his activities. He altered the assessment of the land revenue; devised new methods for educating the native chiefs; opened up military careers for the Indian aristocracy; reorganized primary, secondary and technical education; reformed the Indian police; appointed and supervised a commission to lay down a comprehensive scheme of irrigation that will decide for the next fifty years the operations of Government; zealously furthered meanwhile the building of canals and railways; partitioned Bengal and created a new frontier province; rescued the Civil Service from a part at least of the tyranny of the pen by abolishing a large number of reports and by encouraging a return to the old patriarchal style of rulership; ventured upon a most interesting and far-reaching experiment in economics by forbidding the Punjab peasant to offer his land as security for debt; almost halved the cost of telegraphic communication between England and India; effected a comparatively stable rate of exchange in the currency system; fostered native industries and native arts and showed the passion of a scholar and an archæologist for the preservation of historical remains. It is true that his policy, and his whole conception of what the British Raj should be, excluded the idea of making any political concessions to native demands and that efficiency and justice were the only goals he admitted to be worth striving for. It is true also that his policy of upholding good government rather than self-government as the aim of British rule has been largely reversed by his successor. To us, who hold that any kind of self-governance is preferable to any kind of any other, this seems a fortuitous fact. But nothing can detract from the enduring merit of what Lord Curzon actually accomplished. He understood, he dared, he achieved; and he will stand out in history as one of the bravest the sanest of Viceroys.—THE EDITOR.]

I HAVE been asked to write an article for publication in America as to the main features of British rule in India. It is notorious that in recent years a propaganda has been initiated in the United States, deliberate in its character, wide in its range and sometimes not too scrupulous in its instruments, for misrepresenting and belittling the work of Great Britain in India. In a country penetrated with the democratic sentiment, till lately unfamiliar with the onerous burden of ruling Oriental peoples, and perhaps suspicious of the methods even of the most benevolent of despotisms, such a sowing was assured, at any rate, of some harvest; and high-minded and thoughtful American citizens have sometimes been found to condemn that which they did not understand or to give currency to charges which admit of the easiest refutation.

A great setback was given to this campaign of conscious or un-

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conscious slander by the frank and fearless utterances of ex-President Roosevelt. No man in the Western Hemisphere could less be suspected of an interested motive; none is more familiar with the problems of world administration; none could speak with a like authority. When, therefore, he was heard to declare that the administration of India by the British has been a greater feat than any performed under the Roman Empire, that it is one of the most notable and admirable achievements of the white race during the past two centuries, and that it has been for the immeasurable benefit of the natives of India themselves, the British reader not merely experienced a thrill of pride at this signal tribute to the work of his own countrymen, but he felt convinced that such language must exercise an almost immeasurable effect among a people whose good opinion he values beyond any other in the world and on whose desire to judge rightly he places sincere reliance.

Mr. Roosevelt's pronouncement did not stand alone. Quite recently I have heard that Mr. Fairbanks, lately Vice-President of the United States, having visited India in the course of a tour round the world, on many occasions stated on public platforms in India and elsewhere that he had nowhere seen a more unselfish or benignant system of rule. Similar, I am sure, is the verdict of those excellent American missionaries who, planting themselves with the aid of ample funds from home in suitable localities among the native population in India, where (I am sure they will readily admit) they are unhampered by Government and are given a free hand in the pursuit of their disinterested aim, have exercised a most appreciable influence on the moral and intellectual development of the Indian peoples. While I was in India as Viceroy I more than once encountered American public men, professors and divines travelling through the country with the sole object of forming a just appreciation of British rule. Readily would I appeal to their enlightened and dispassionate verdict. In one case it was given to me, before its author had left Calcutta, in the shape of a draft for $150,000 to be devoted to whatever purpose I might select for the benefit of the native peoples, in recognition of the administrative blessings which the donor was convinced, from the evidence of his own eyes, that Britain had conferred upon the country.

In these circumstances it might seem superfluous that an

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Englishman should be called upon to say anything about the work of his own race, still more one who was himself engaged for nearly seven years in the task of Indian administration. And yet if we are entitled to assume, as I think we may, that no one can rule India without an overwhelming sense of the moral responsibilities of the undertaking, or without acquiring the right to speak with some authority as to its distinguishing features, he may perhaps even have a special claim to be heard. If he be in a position to add that America contributed no small share to the easing of his burden, and to such measure of good fortune as may have attended his steps, may he not find therein an additional passport to the hearing of that great community across the seas?

The charges that are made against British rule in India by speakers or writers in America differ in no respect from those which are uttered by agitators of the advanced or national party in India itself, or by those English politicians who, too often seeking a seat in the British Parliament as a means of airing doctrinaire views, are a persistent medium of discord between India and England, embarrassing the home Government in the discharge of its complex and delicate duties, raising false and often cruel hopes in India itself, misrepresenting the nature of the problem to their ignorant countrymen and preaching everywhere the fallacious doctrine that Eastern ailments can be cured (in reality they are often aggravated) by Western prescriptions. From all these sources we learn with an almost monotonous iteration that Great Britain holds India for her own selfish advantage, that her methods of rule are harsh and unsympathetic, that the Indians are allowed neither scope nor hope in the government of their country, that the people are becoming poorer, the soil more unproductive, even the visitations of Providence more alarming. This amazing picture, the product sometimes of a perverse malignity, at others of a culpable ignorance, is held up to audiences who have neither the means nor the experience to correct it, and who, even if they are repelled by the obvious exaggeration, may yet be pardoned if they carry away the notion that there must be something wrong in a system that can admit even of such a caricature.

I might say in reply that I have never met, and do not believe that there exists, an impartial observer who would not in-

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dignantly repudiate this travesty. But, after all, the best method to refute calumny is to refer not merely to authority, but to facts. These facts are accessible in books, in publications, in documents, in Parliamentary papers. Once a year the India office in London publishes an admirable statement entitled "The Moral and Material Progress of India"; and once in every ten years a more compendious summary is issued. But in England—I do not know if it is the same in America—an almost immediate oblivion settles down upon official literature. It is condemned as unreadable because it is serious, as interested because it emanates from Government, and as suspect because its conclusions are supported by a panoply of figures and facts. From time to time, therefore, it seems necessary for some public man to draw attention once more to the familiar facts, and with such weight, if any, as he may derive from personal authority or experience, to readjust the balance of public opinion.

In the course of last year I delivered an address to a literary and philosophical institute at Edinburgh, in which I endeavored to describe the place of India in the British Empire, and to appraise the advantages which both parties have derived and still derive from the connection. Much of this would not be specially interesting to an American audience; although to any student of history a more philosophic or enthralling theme could scarcely be suggested than an examination of the part which the acquisition of India has played in the expansion and continues to play in the maintenance of British world-power. De Tocqueville said that the conquest and government of India were really the achievement that had given to England her place in the eyes of the world. The great Napoleon had one eye always upon the East; and the ambitions of the earlier part of his career, until they were shattered by his failure in Egypt or confined by European complications, always contemplated a move upon India as the death blow of the power that stood between him and universal dominion and as the secret of universal dominion itself.

I am far from saying that the question at issue ought to be decided exclusively upon a balance of gain or loss, or that any mathematical calculation can be expected of factors which often elude strict analysis. But there is so frequently a tendency in India to assume that the advantage of the connection is mainly or wholly on the side of England, and perhaps in England to

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think that India is the chief gainer, that a comparison of the advantages conferred upon both may not be without value in enabling both parties to arrive at an unbiassed judgment.

First let me endeavor to state what India gives to Great Britain and the Empire; for that she is a source of great material and political advantage to them has always been one of my favorite propositions. From her abounding population she has supplied England with labor for the exploitation of Empire lands in all parts of the globe. Few persons probably have any clear idea of the extent or variety of this service. After the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, had it not been for the supply of Indian labor, many of the islands must have fallen out of cultivation, and would probably long before now have been transferred by cession or secession to another flag. In Trinidad there are now 86,000 East-Indians and in Jamaica 10,000. With the opening of the Panama Canal, these islands will gain enormously in material and strategic value, and their continued possession will be an Imperial asset of the first importance. But for a similar relief, Mauritius, where there are 206,000 East-Indians, would probably have fallen to France, and British supremacy in the Indian Ocean would have been in grave peril. We should never have been able to exploit our South-American colony of British Guiana without Indian labor; the Indian population there is now 105,000 out of a total of 278,000. We have even been able to spare surplus labor for other Powers, the French in Réunion, and the Dutch in Dutch Guiana. Indian coolies have penetrated to the remote Pacific; and the Fiji Islands contain 17,000. Africa, which from its proximity to India, supplies a natural field for Indian labor, can tell a similar tale. The planters of Natal would not have been able to develop that colony had it not been for an Indian population, which is now 115,000 strong and exceeds in numbers the European inhabitants of the State. The Uganda Railway was constructed by more than 20,000 Indian coolies, and Indian labor was more than once sought of me by the late Cecil Rhodes. Every year an emigrant force of from 15,000 to 20,000 coolies leaves the ports of India for these distant fields. There is another side to the question also. The benefit is reciprocal, both in relief to the congestion of India and in occupation and wages to large numbers of poor men.

Men, too, are available from India for another and a more

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dramatic form of Imperial service. Natal would not have been saved in the Boer war of 1899-1900, and the European legations at Peking would not have been rescued in the Boxer rising in China in 1900 but for the contingents that were despatched to the scene of war from India. To South Africa I sent out in the Boer campaign 13,200 British officers and men from the British army in India, and 9,000 natives, principally followers. To China we despatched from India 1,300 British officers and men, 20,000 native troops and 17,500 native followers.

Nor were these mercenary forces employed against their will to fight the battles of a distant Government. Not a war can take place in any part of the British Empire in which the Indian Princes do not come forward with voluntary offers of armed assistance; and the fact that the native army was not allowed to stand by the side of the British in repelling the Boer invasion of Natal in 1899 was actually made the subject of attacks upon the Government in India—so keenly was the popular sentiment in favor of Indian participation aroused. I was in India throughout the South-African and Chinese wars. Though not far short of 30,000 troops, British and Indian, were at one time away from the country, perfect tranquillity prevailed; and while the inveterate foes of England may have sneered at the early reverses to our arms, there could be no question of the genuineness of the rejoicings when the tide turned and the news of victory was flashed along the wires.

The actual strength of the army in India is now 74,000 British troops and 150,000 native troops, to which must be added 2,700 British officers attached to the latter and 1,000 staff officers, or a total of 227,700. There are, further, 35,000 men in the Native Reserve, 33,000 European and Eurasian Volunteers and nearly 20,000 Imperial Service troops. The total net military expenditure in 1907-08 (including military works) was nineteen and one-half millions sterling.

By a wise provision in the Act of 1858, it is laid down that, "except for preventing or repelling actual invasion of His Majesty's Indian dominions or urgent necessity, the revenues of India shall not, without the consent of both Houses of Parliament, be applicable to defray the expenses of any military operation carried on beyond the external frontiers of such possessions by His Majesty's forces." But this, which was a necessary safe-

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guard against the unauthorized employment of Indian troops beyond the frontiers or shores of India, does not prevent the employment of these forces with the full knowledge of Parliament and at the expense of the Imperial Treasury; and the knowledge that there is always present in India, in a high state of efficiency and ready for instant mobilization, one of the finest fighting forces in the world, adds materially to the strength of the British position alike in Asia and Africa. The argument that because some portions of the Indian army have at different times been spared there must be more than enough for the needs of the country, is a singularly feeble one, for it would equally apply to any country a portion of whose forces was engaged on foreign service, and it entirely ignores the fact that the security of India in the absence of any considerable number of her troops depends not upon the numerical sufficiency of the remainder, but upon the British command of the sea. As a matter of fact, in relation to the population of India, the Indian army is by far the smallest in the world. I entertain no doubt that as long as the military feeling survives among the old fighting races of India, and the loyalty of the native army resists, as it has hitherto done, the efforts that are made to tamper with it, Indian forces will be able to come to the assistance of the British in any field where native troops can properly be employed. But it would be neither proper nor wise to make too frequent a use of this advantage; neither can it be expected that the springs of recruitment in India will forever remain unexhausted. As regards the argument which is sometimes heard from extreme native politicians that the British army in India is an expensive luxury which might be dispensed with or reduced, such is not the view that is entertained by any responsible person acquainted with the facts, and if the British contingent in India were by some incredible act of folly to be diminished, nothing is more certain than that the men would have to be recalled, and probably after a heavy price had been paid for their absence.

The presence, therefore, of a large army, European and native, in India is not only a source of security to India, but lends strength to the British position everywhere and is the most effective practical guarantee for peace in the Asiatic continent. As I shall show presently, it is also a source of much advantage to the Indians themselves.

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A more familiar thesis is the material services rendered by India to Great Britain in the sphere of business and trade. That India is one of the main fields for the employment of British capital, that she supplies in abundance the raw material of a great deal of our industry and much of the food on which we live, and that she furnishes the richest market for our manufactures, are propositions which are widely known. But in what relation the Indian trade stands to that of the Empire is less realized. One-tenth of the entire trade of the British Empire passes through the seaports of India; and this sea-borne trade is more than one-third of the trade of the Empire outside the United Kingdom. It is greater than that of Australia and Canada combined, and within the Empire Indian sea-borne trade is second only to that of the United Kingdom. India has become the largest producer of food and raw material in the Empire and the principal granary of Great Britain, the imports into the United Kingdom of wheat, meal and flour from India exceeding those of Canada and being double those of Australia. At the same time, India is the largest purchaser of British produce and manufactures, and notably of cotton goods. Moreover, it must be remembered that under the existing system English cotton manufactures imported into India pay a duty only of three and one-half per cent., a countervailing excise duty of equivalent amount being at the same time levied on Indian manufactures. This may be contrasted with the heavy tariffs which British goods have to pay in the ports of our own colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. During the past three years the proportions of the import trade of India enjoyed by Great Britain have been forty-five, forty-eight and fifty-seven millions, or a percentage of about sixty-seven per cent. in each year; her proportion of the exports has averaged twenty-six per cent. These figures are enough to show how excellent a customer is India of Great Britain. On the other hand, be it remembered that the whole of the appliances by which this great trade has been built up —the roads, railroads, canals, harbors, docks, telegraphs, posts, etc. —have been created during the period of British rule, and largely by capital supplied from England. Indeed, the amount of British capital invested in India for its commercial and industrial development (including the employment of its people) is estimated as at least £350,000,000.

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To me, however, it is less in its material than in its moral and educative aspects that India has always appeared to confer so incomparable a boon upon the British race. No one now taunts the British aristocracy with treating India as a playground for its sons. There is not much play there for the Government official at any time, and, such as he is, he is drawn from all classes of the British community. Just as the Indian army is to the young subaltern the finest available school of manhood and arms, so also the Indian Civil Service is a training-ground for British character that is not without its effect both upon the Empire and the race. The former service is demonstrated by the constant drain upon India for irrigation officers and engineers, for postal and telegraph and forest officers, for financiers and administrators all over the world. The men whom she has trained are to be encountered in regions as far apart as Nigeria and China, the Cape and Siam. They are among the administrative pioneers of the Empire. To those officers of the Civil Service who never leave the country no such field of adventure opens. But India develops in them a sense of duty and a spirit of self-sacrifice, as well as faculties of administration and command which are among the greatest glories of the British race. Acting and not talking, working and not boasting, they pursue their silent and often unknown careers, bequeathing a tradition to their families which is sometimes perpetuated for generations, and leaving a permanent and wholesome imprint on the national character.

When we recall the names of the great men whom service in India has produced — some of them among the heroes of the Anglo-Saxon race—we feel that it is a greater benefaction on the part of India to have exalted and disciplined the national character than it is to have put money into our purses or extended our Imperial sway.

CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

(To be Concluded.)

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THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA IN ITALY.

BY THE MOST REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

A STATEMENT of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America relative to the mission maintained by that Church in Italy was given to the public from Philadelphia May 9th by the Secretary of the Board, Bishop Wilson. The statement is important, referring as it does, in most official form, to the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy and in connection with this to a recent occurrence in Rome in which a most distinguished American citizen, however much without will or expectation of his own, was made to take a notable part. The statement of the Bishops upholds and justifies the work of the Methodist mission in Italy, claims that adverse criticism of that work is nought else than falsehood and calumny, and assigns to the mind of the Vatican in its connection with the aforesaid occurrence other motives than those avowed by the Cardinal Secretary of State, said by him to rise from the attitude which the Vatican holds itself obliged to adopt towards the work of the Methodist mission. Truth with regard to the Methodist mission and justice with regard to the Vatican bid me controvert *in toto* the statement of the Bishops.

The pertinent points in the statement of the Bishops follow:

"We cannot allow to pass unnoticed the recent unprovoked and unwarranted attempt to discredit one of our most useful missions by widely published accusations which if based upon truth would bring dishonor upon the Church which supports that mission.

"We regret that after repeated challenges for details of the specific acts supposed to justify these charges they still remain in such general terms that their validity cannot be tested before the judgment of the world. We can only observe: That the methods of our mission in Italy,

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now for the first time publicly condemned, are the same that have been pursued from the beginning, almost forty years ago.

"From these facts the inference appears to be irresistible that other considerations than the methods of our mission in Rome must have been the real cause of this sudden outcry. . . . Had there been any other way to avoid certain issues of etiquette and precedence created by coincident circumstances of a public nature, the Methodist mission might have escaped calumny, and thus lost the valuable recognition of its success.

"We now content ourselves with affirming our entire confidence in the moral integrity of our missionaries and methods in Italy, and against the denunciations of their accusers we place the wide-open record of the Methodist Episcopal Church, both as to teaching and method in America and throughout the world."

In what I write I discuss neither Methodism nor Methodists in general: I confine myself to the aims and methods of the Methodist propaganda in Italy. I seek no quarrel, I desire none with members in general of the Methodist Church in America, many of whom I personally know and esteem, with all of whom as fellow Americans I wish to live in peace and harmony. Indeed, I dare say this much, that, so far as I am able to judge, the great number of American Methodists are not aware of the nature of the propaganda carried on across the ocean in their name and with the help of their money, and when informed of the facts in the case will be as ready as I am to censure both the aims the propaganda has in view and the methods it is willing to employ.

The statements I make are drawn from Methodist authorities or such others as allow no doubt with regard to reliability. My Methodist authorities are: "Four and One-half Years in the Italy Mission—A Criticism of Missionary Methods," by Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D.D.," "Europe and Methodism," by William Burt, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church," "*Cenni Storici della Chiesa Methodistica Episcopale*" and "*L'Evangelista.*"

"Four and One-half Years in the Italy Mission" is particularly enlightening. The writer, as his every line shows, is an ardent, loyal Methodist who during four and one-half years labored with all the energy of his soul to spread Methodism in Italy, retaining throughout a bitter hatred of Catholicism. His book is a semi-official report to his fellow Methodists of America on conditions of Methodism in Italy. The letter of the Bishop

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naming him to the Italian mission desires him "to give the Church the benefit of one more intelligent judgment as to plans and methods of work in evangelization among Roman Catholics." "Four and One-half Years in the Italy Mission" is this "one more intelligent judgment."

The book was published in 1894. At first sight it may look to-day somewhat belated. But, as a matter of fact, conditions have not changed: they are to-day what they were in earlier years, only more pronounced in their tendencies and activities, as those conversant with things in Italy amply testify. To this, moreover, the Board of Bishops are willing witnesses: "The methods of our mission in Italy are the same that have been pursued from the beginning, almost forty years ago."

Dr. William Burt is at the present time the Bishop in charge of the European missions of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. "Europe and Methodism" was published in 1909. "*Cenni Storici*" is the history in the Italian language of the workings of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy. "*L'Evangelista*" is the official newspaper of Methodism in Italy.

The attitude of the Vatican towards the Methodist Episcopal Mission is clear. It is that of absolute aloofness. What else is allowable? Methodism is its open enemy. War, bold and virulent, upon the Vatican, upon its vital principles, upon its sacred traditions, is the avowed and oft-declared purpose of Methodism. The methods made use of are vilest epithets, most shameless calumnies, insults most outrageous. The allies whose co-operation is courted are the lowest and most disreputable, to whom all offences are forgiven in view of their hatred of the Catholic Church and its supreme chieftain. And to refuse its most courteous smiles to the soldiers and the abettors of Methodism in Italy is in the Vatican bigotry and intolerance, enmity irreducible to the principles and practices of civil and religious freedom!

The Methodist Church in Italy is not there to care for Methodists, residents or tourists. Several non-Catholic Churches, Greek and Protestant, are in Italy to minister to their followers, making no bold assault on other creeds. Different is Methodism. Dr. Stackpole is its spokesman, as from the summit of the Pincian Hill he watches the rays of the evening sun kissing the cupola of St. Peter's:

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"There, across the Tiber, is the massive pile of St. Peter's and the Vatican. Here at last is the citadel of the hostile forces. Here is the centre of that huge system of error and superstition that we have come so far to spend our life in opposing. The might of ancient Rome vanished before the presence of our barbaric ancestors. Why not this new and mightier Rome be conquered by weapons of the Gospel truth?" [Dr. Stackpole's Methodism?] "Not in our day, to be sure; but it is a great privilege to have even a small part in the beginning of that mighty contest."

"Cenni Storici," too, voices the intent of Methodists in Rome:

"The Protestant legions must gather all their energies and assail Popery, in its citadel, in Rome. Hence the most noble appeal of Bishop Walden: 'Before evangelizing the world, we must evangelize Rome.'"

Italy is the Catholic of Catholic lands: within its borders dwells the supreme chieftain of the Catholic Church. Rome is the citadel: it must be captured—*Delenda est Carthago.*

That the purpose of Methodism in Rome is understood by the Roman population, Catholic and non-Catholic, is made clear by *"Il Giornale d'Italia"* (April 5th, 1910), a newspaper quite sufficiently tinged with modernism and anti-clericalism to absolve it from any spirit of subserviency to the Vatican. *"Il Giornale"* says:

"The Methodist Institute of Via Venti Settembre is not merely a place of worship or of religious instruction, but a real centre of anti-Catholic and anti-papal warfare, closely linked in with that carried on by Masonry and anti-clericalism, as with other attacks and injuries continuously directed against the Pontiff and the Catholic Church, with a continuous propaganda in favor of apostacy among Catholic clergy and laity. A centre of the kind, not so much of Protestant religion, as of anti-Catholic and anti-papal sectarianism, bears with it such an offence against the Pontiff that it were absurd to pretend—as it has been pretended—that one should be received by the Pope who was ready to make an address in the halls of the Methodists, and there give encouragement to the work they have in hand."

War upon the Catholic Church and its supreme Pontiff! Even so, well and good, if the Church leading in the war, calling itself Christian, were there, in the name of sincere belief, to state correctly its convictions and the arguments therefor, to state correctly the creed and practice of its opponents and the arguments thereagainst: one should respect sincerity, however much ill informed: one should treat gently arguments, however weak and

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aimless. But proselytism of decent kind is unknown to Methodism in Italy. I give samples of its "pure gospel" methods.

Here is a cartoon, appearing on the front page of "*L'Evangelista,*" September 17th, 1909. Christ, scourge in hand, stands on a high throne, whence the Pope has been driven. A Bible opened to the page upon which the words appear, "My Kingdom is not of this world," lies in the chair where heretofore the Pope was seated. The Pope, cowering and dismayed, in drunken scowl, rolls down the steps, across which scatter broken fragments of tiara, mitre, chalice, thurible and other insignia of the pontifical office.

"*La Nazione*" of Florence, a quite un-Catholic journal, publishes, April 13th, 1910, on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Roosevelt to Rome, a letter of its Roman correspondent. The letter begins with remarks by no means complimentary to the Cardinal Secretary of State and continues:

"But it is more than probable that, whosoever the Cardinal holding the place of Merry del Val, would, in the given circumstances, have acted as the latter acted. I do not easily understand—and in saying this I do not believe I shall lose the esteem of my readers—what sort of people those Methodists are, and what they have in mind. Some days ago, passing through Via Venti Settembre, I stopped to glance at the titles of books exhibited in the windows of their publishing-house. Here are samples: '*Le Infamie dei Papi*' ('Infamies of Popes'), '*Le Lordure dei Pontifici*' ('Pontifical Filthiness'), '*Il Papa va Scacciato*' ('The Pope Driven Away'), and so on in the list before my eyes."

How Bishop Burt usually presents to his readers or hearers the teachings of the Catholic Church is indicated by a quotation from "Europe and Methodism." Speaking of the Greek Church, he writes:

"The study of God's Word has not only been discouraged, but often forbidden. Mass is substituted for the Gospel, penance for repentance, and the Virgin Mary and the saints for Christ. . . . Religion and conduct are separate affairs. The conception of God is that of an austere judge whose anger must be appeased by the constant repetition by chanting in an unknown tongue. It is pagan in all but name"—

adding to this tirade, utterly unfair to the Greek Church: "The evils of the Greek Church are multiplied and emphasized in Romanism." What a parody of Catholic teaching! "Mass substituted for the Gospel—Penance for repentance—the Virgin

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Mary and the saints for Christ!" What Dr. Stackpole holds with regard to the Catholic Church is told in "Four and One-half Years":

"The Church has become what some civilized heathens want it to be. They want a Church that has power on earth and in Purgatorio to forgive sins. They want a Church that can save them without the necessity of thorough repentance on their part and corresponding reformation of conduct."

How any one in the cloth of Dr. Stackpole could dare assert as the belief of Catholics that salvation is to be had without thorough repentance on their part and a corresponding reformation of conduct passes ordinary power of thought. But so he wrote and so, no doubt, he preached. The investment of one penny for a copy of "The Catholic Child's Catechism," in America or in Italy, would have brought before his eyes the chapter on "Contrition" and disabused him of his error: but the investment was not made.

In 1904 Bishop Newman laid the corner-stone of the Methodist establishment in Via Venti Settembre: his sermon on the occasion was a brutal attack on the Papacy. Recalling the time following the reign of Constantine, he described it as

"a thousand years of religious despotism, in which Popes without God, and priests without culture, led the Church into the darkness of the Middle Ages" (*'Cenni Storici'*).

And so on, with preachers of Methodism from their entrance into Italy down to the pastorate of Rev. B. M. Tipple, whose recent utterance flashed across the ocean:

"The fact is that the Vatican is incompatible with Republican principles. . . . Is the Catholicism of America to be American or Romish? . . . If it is to be Romish, then every patriotic American should rise to crush it, for Romish Catholicism is the uncompromising foe of freedom."

What freedom Rev. Mr. Tipple has in mind we gather from his manner of speech. It is the freedom to belie the Catholic Church in most shameful degree, to level against its chieftain with most unmannered tongue vilest epithets.

"The Gospel in Italy," according to Dr. Stackpole, "must be accompanied with mighty power. A style of Christianity that verges almost upon fanaticism is needed." From beginning to

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end fanaticism rages in Italian Methodism. It reaches its acme in "*L'Evangelista.*" Writing of the birth of "*L'Evangelista,*" Dr. Stackpole had said: "The effort was made to make the paper intensely religious and distinctively Methodist." Later he had reason to complain that its pronouncements were not sufficiently Methodist: "It is of the utmost importance that a full-blooded Methodist be the editor of that paper." "The full-blooded Methodist" was found.

The columns of "*L'Evangelista*" teem with insults to the Catholic Church and the Pontiff except, I must say, when articles appear there from the pen of Bishop Vincent. Its mildest term for Catholic doctrine and practice is "corruptions and superstitions." It never calls the Church by its proper name, Catholic; it is "the Romish" or "the Papist Church." In the number of January 31st, 1909, the "Papist" Church becomes "the harlot," the Pope "the beast" of the Apocalypse. In the number of February 7th, 1901, the accusation is made that while Popes preach the indissolubility of marriage they are ever ready with divorces in favor of the rich and the powerful. Another time, September 17th, 1909, it delivers itself of this characteristic output of venom:

"The Romish clergy represent Christ just as much as Harlequin represents Italy. That is the Italian mask, not Italy, as clericalism is the mask of Christ, not Christianity. The clergy is the *protossido christianico*, the corruption of Christianity. The priest represents the Pope, and Popery the rust which has corroded the Gospel for centuries."

The enemy of the Catholic Church, no matter how brutal he otherwise be, is taken hold of approvingly by "*L'Evangelista.*" The Giordano Bruno anniversary, February 17th, 1910, was seized upon by socialists and anarchists as a propitious occasion to vent forth insults against civic law and order, no less than against the Catholic Church, against religion of any kind or form. The London "Saturday Review" describes the Bruno demonstration as disgraceful to common civilization. But the demonstration was anti-Papal; it obtained applause from "*L'Evangelista.*"

The climax is reached in the hearty endorsement given to "*L'Asino.*" I quote from the Roman journal, "*Il Bastone,*" February 11th, 1910. "*Il Bastone*" says:

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"Under the caption—'Protestants and L'Asino'—'*L'Asino*,' edited by Guido Podrecca, reproduces in its last number an article from '*L'Evangelista*,' the organ of Methodism in Rome, in which '*L'Asino*' is lauded loudly, and declared worthy of the support of Methodists. Among other expressions of cordial fraternization with '*L'Asino*' in the article of '*L'Evangelista*' there is this: 'There are fields of common activity upon which we extend to this journal ['*L'Asino*'] a fraternal hand in its holy war against the heresies and the obscurantism of Romanism.'"

Should Dr. Stackpole still be one of the readers of "*L'Evangelista*," he will be satisfied with its fanaticism. What is "*L'Asino*"? It is the filthiest of filthy publications. Its articles reek with obscenity. Self-respecting people quickly turn away when at a street-corner kiosk their eyes light upon its lurid illustrations. In November, 1908, the United States postal authorities forbade its entrance into America.

I pass to a consideration of the methods adopted in winning in Italy recruits to Methodism. The Board of Bishops call for "details of specific acts" supposed to merit censure: I furnish the details. The Board repose full confidence "in the moral integrity" of Methodist missionaries and methods in Italy: the reader is left to be the judge.

The first care of the Methodist propaganda was, as might have been expected, to provide agents of dissemination—preachers, catechists, colporteurs of tracts and Bibles. That a few pass first muster who afterwards prove faithless need not cause surprise: but this much "moral integrity" in the leaders should require, that the system of selection be cautious and discriminating, to the effect that the ministry as a whole be guarded from scandal and disgrace. Dr. Stackpole is witness as to facts:

"The policy and practice from the first has been to choose our preachers mainly from two elements—ex-priests and ex-Waldensians. There is a heterogeneous remainder that comes from other denominations and is worked up at random. . . ."

Of preachers drawn from the Waldensians Dr. Stackpole writes:

"The Waldensian element consists of preachers who, for various reasons, could not obtain a pastorate in the Waldensian Church, or who have not wished to accept such pastorate as was offered."

This his judgment of those who formerly were Catholic priests:

"Some priests are *ex* necessarily. They have quarrelled with their superiors, or have been guilty of some immorality, or they want more

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salary, or to get married. . . . Usually they are careful to provide for future employment before their conscientious scruples force them out of the priesthood."

The Catholic Church is severe in its sacerdotal exigencies: the unworthy priest is quickly forced from the ranks: so long as human nature remains some such there will be. The Methodists are welcome to them.

A theological school for the training of native Methodist preachers was opened in Florence. Sixty-five applicants wrote for admission. The principal attraction of the school was its gratuitousness:

"It is hard for young men in Italy to find employment. Many of these would just as lief preach as not, if they are well paid for it. When to the attraction of a lucrative position in the near future there is added the inducement of entire support during the three years of preparation, the theological school becomes an El Dorado. . . ."

Nine were selected out of the sixty-five. Here is their record: No. 1 had been expelled from a Catholic Seminary and later had been President of the Y. M. C. A. in Milan. He could pray with unction; he lied and stole. He had to be sent away. No. 2 was an Austrian music-teacher. He left the school, writing that if he was not paid 500 francs he would throw a bomb that would shatter Methodism. No. 3 had been dismissed from the Italian Protestant Free Church. The faculty of the school ordered him away for general unworthiness, but, this notwithstanding, the Presiding Elder named him to a pastorate, which he afterwards abandoned. No. 4 was the son of a Wesleyan preacher. He was a blockhead and nothing could be made of him. No. 5 had been expelled from a theological school in Geneva: he left the Florence school for the army. No. 6 was dismissed by the faculty for refusal to break off secret associations; despite this, however, later he was employed as a Methodist preacher in a large Italian city. No. 7 remained in the school one year, showing himself in the judgment of the faculty unworthy of the ministry, but all the same was put in charge of a congregation by the Presiding Elder. No. 8 after a year's study was prematurely put into the ministry; he never amounted to much. No. 9 proved himself rather satisfactory. Dr. Stackpole's excuse for having admitted such students to the school is significant in its naïveté:

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"We simply obeyed the wishes of our superiors in office. It was argued that we must have a certain number of students in order to make a respectable report to the Church in America."

The story of men admitted to the ministry, as told by Dr. Stackpole, is pathetic—all the more so that it covers not the exception, but the rule. I quote instances. Ernesto Philippi, a former Wesleyan, offered himself to preach for 1,400 francs a year on condition that he retain his position as government teacher at 1,900 francs a year; but after a few months he demanded that lighter work be assigned him at the same salary, and this being refused he quitted altogether the Church. The ex-priest Palmieri had to be dismissed on account of financial entanglements, whereupon his whole congregation withdrew from Methodism with the exception of the janitor, who, it seems, had not conscientious regard enough for the interests of the Church to resign a salaried position. Of several missionaries set to work in Milan, one, an ex-priest, was discharged after three months; the second, an ex-theological student, did great harm; a third, converted "while leaning on the tomb of General Gordon at Westminster," did much damage for four months, later, "through recommendations unwisely given," getting himself into a Waldensian Theological School and finally winding up in jail for attempted murder and embezzlement. A preacher, engaged for work in Turin, received "a louder call to another church" and sent in his resignation. One, admitted from Wesleyanism, was sent away for having published a book rank with Pantheism, but "on the warm recommendation of the Presiding Elder" was able to find ministerial work in another Evangelical Church in Italy.

The attraction of the Methodist ministry in Italy?

"Men of mercenary spirit in other denominations learn that 'we pay our preachers magnificently,' as one had said, and hence they seek admission into our Church, and betray their own."

The salaries of Methodist preachers are from $200 to $300 higher than those of preachers of other denominations; house rent and other accessories computed, they are in large cities twice more than the salaries allotted to college professors in the same cities. In addition to the direct ministerial salary there is an extra allowance of $36 or $38 per annum for each child in the

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preacher's family under the age of twenty-one. It is simply a question of generosity on the part of contributors in America to cover the whole Italian peninsula with evangelists of Methodism. Money draws the preacher; money retains him at his post. "He is always ready to join another denomination if thereby his salary can be increased." The Methodist Church is generally supposed in Italy to possess immense wealth and demands upon its treasury measure up to the financial esteem in which it is held. One Bracchetto, of Turin, calls for sums so extravagant that he must be turned down: he at once makes himself busy seeking an appointment in another Church. An unmarried preacher, off on a mission to Italians in America, demands the sum of $900 for travelling expenses. Almost invariably when a preacher leaves of his own accord or is sent off by his superiors a bonus is paid to insure his peace. Nor is the lust of money the malady only of preachers. It is in the bone and marrow of theological students. It enters into the deep fibre of servants and colporteurs. A janitor demands an increase of salary: "I got a good many to join your religion." The pay of a Bible woman is discontinued: at once she, her family, and her friends abandon Methodism and say all they can to injure it.

"Whoever has once been in the pay of our mission as preacher, Bible woman, janitor, organist, etc., etc., and has, for any cause, been discharged has become at once a bitter opponent of our Church, proving thereby that his motive for uniting with us was a mercenary one."

As with ministers and employees so with the rank and file of converts and probationers. Seldom the light leading to Methodism is a ray from the sky: rather is it the glitter of gold and silver. The cord that draws is money, the link that binds is money.

"The better and nobler class of Italians we have not reached. Our system attracts the mendicants as molasses draws flies. . . . A lot of mendicants flock to the Church. We mean not only beggars, but those who have the mendicant spirit, who want their religion at the cheapest possible spirit with a chromo thrown in. . . . A crowd of tramps and beggars knock at the door. If they don't receive what they want, they will leave the Church and go to another, similarly organized but more liberal in its distributions of money."

A Sunday-school was organized at Bologna. As an attraction there was a prize for each attendant every Sunday. Forty pupils

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were soon reported. But as weekly gifts soon became too expensive and distributions were confined to solemn occasions the pupils protested: "Then we won't come to Sunday-school"; not one of the forty remained. Begging as a trade is quite customary with converts: it pays to join the Church: it pays to remain with it.

"Lots of mendicants go about Italy with a certificate in their pocket that they belong to some Evangelical Church. Some such beggars have called upon us, wearing kid gloves, and a cane."

Converts must be had: when all appliances to obtain them fail they must be dreamt of and set down in reports to conferences and treasuries. Nothing more misleading, more incorrect than the reports of preachers. Statistics are exaggerated knowingly and with malice prepense; tricks used to swell numbers are not revealed: defections, wholesale at times, are not noted. "Moral integrity" with a vengeance! Dr. Stackpole asked the pastor of a church why he did not correct the records and report only actual members to be found? The pastor replied: "That would not please certain authorities." To the question, how many of his fifty-four members gave evidence of conversion, the pastor of the church at Pontedera answered: "Four or five." In the church in Faenza the minutes reported an average attendance of twenty-five: for three years, however, the audience was more often three than twenty-five. "We asked one of the preachers," says Dr. Stackpole, "why he did not cut down the report to actual facts, and he replied: 'That would not please the Presiding Elder.'" "Every preacher in the Italian mission," Dr. Stackpole adds, "knows that all the authorities on both sides of the ocean want to see every year an increase of members, probationers, conversions, and they are accommodating enough to make the desired increase." In some ten years over $20,000 had been sent to the Bologna mission. A showing of results was a necessity: 150 names were placed on the register. A new pastor, however, coming to Bologna, found only two in attendance at religious service. Better yet was the way things were done in Venice. There it had been the custom, when a visit was expected from the Presiding Elder, to ask the minister of another denomination to send his congregation to the Methodist service so as to make a good impression on the Elder. Still

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more clever, in a similar emergency, was the trick of a certain other preacher, "who went into the street and café and hired an audience at a cent apiece." Nor is there, in those reports of preachers, the slightest intimation of the instability of converts. With converts to Methodism it is a coming and going, as the wind blows, as the daily quotation of temporal gain rises or falls. In Palermo a Presbyterian congregation voted themselves into Methodism and a Methodist preacher was sent to them. After two months the preacher was ordered away with this parting cheer: "We have had enough of the Methodist Church." The pastor of a congregation in Piazzi Poli, Rome, went over to another denomination and was followed by his whole congregation. In Florence a Wesleyan minister brought over to Methodism his former congregation, but soon pastor and flock took objection to a mild and partial enforcement of Methodist discipline and no more did they float the Methodist banner. In their eagerness to swell their list of conversions preachers browse upon the pasture fields of other Protestant Churches—the Swiss Presbyterian, the English Wesleyan, the Independent Church of Italy, the Waldensian. But converts are all alike:

"Any trifling circumstance is enough to sever their connection with the Church. The whole basis is unsound. It is an attempt to build up the Kingdom of God by a judicious use of money alone, which proves to be the most injudicious use to which money can be put."

Money for schools is poured into Italy, into Rome particularly. To read the list of school buildings, the description of their imposing architecture and thorough equipment, to hearken to the copious reports of registration and attendance, one is breathless—the Eternal City suddenly made Methodist, the Vatican sorrowing in silence, the disciples of John Wesley in supreme command! The picture, however, calls for closer examination.

Some items from "Four and One-half Years" telling of Methodist schools fifteen years ago are illuminative: they cast light on the present no less than on the past. Attention, Dr. Stackpole advises, must be given to modern languages, especially English. The schools, whether for boarders or day scholars, must be gratuitous or semi-gratuitous (with the emphasis strongly upon the last part of the compound) with books and clothes frequently thrown in for nothing. Of a proposed boarding-school in Rome he writes:

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"A semi-gratuitous school in Rome will attract a class of pupils who will be glad to have a furnished room in Rome and instruction in English and French for six dollars a month. The furnished room alone is worth that."

Despite, however, the free or semi-free attractions, results were scant. So when a showing was called for, recourse was had to the usual padding of figures. A "Boys' Institute" was opened in Rome. According to "The Gospel in All Lands," July, 1892, this institute had in attendance eighty pupils: in reality it had at the time only eight, mostly charity pupils, three of whom later were expelled for stealing. The elementary school enjoyed a larger patronage: but attendance had little meaning so far as permanent results would go. So soon as pupils were able to earn a few cents a day they went to work, or the priest had interfered and taken them away. In both cases the pupils were lost to Methodism.

Dr. Stackpole wrote in 1894. Since then schools were opened in greater number, money was spent with greater liberality, and registration and attendance of pupils increased. The methods, however, did not change in spirit or in aim and results for Methodism were not a whit more encouraging.

Of Methodist schools and refuges in Rome during recent years I speak from personal observation and inquiry. For a time those schools and refuges seemed to flourish. The peril they omened to Catholic faith was not so apparent to parents or pupils as it since was seen to be. Neither were Catholics—priests or people—as quickly on the alert as the peril demanded: they were almost taken by surprise through the suddenness of the invasion. And the Irish Christian Brothers had not yet arrived on the scene to open English-teaching schools in Rome.

It is not to be wondered at that a number of pupils were gathered into schools and refuges, where all sorts of advantages were offered gratuitously or semi-gratuitously, and, at the same time, assurance was given that the intention was benevolence, not proselytism. A most attractive bait was the teaching of English. There is a rage in Italy to learn English. Legions of English-speaking tourists swarm annually through the Peninsula. Cabmen, hotel-runners, shop clerks, male and female servants, feel they must understand and speak English to ply effectively their trade. Italians, too, in throngs emigrate to America: many seek

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to obtain a smattering of the language they will make use of in their new home. And then upon all there rests the spell of America, the land of prosperity, of freedom, the dreamland of the future. The picture of an American school dazzled the fancy. It was clever, we must say, on the part of the Methodists, to see in those conditions of mind an opportunity for their propaganda and to put it at once to profit. It was true American ingenuity. Nor was money lacking — America was behind the scheme. Tuition, board and lodging in comfortable quarters were offered gratuitously or semi-gratuitously (the emphasis always strong on the second part of the compound, as Dr. Stackpole counsels), and in order that there be no barrier to arrest the incoming of pupils the hint was gently thrown out whenever needed that the religious convictions of each and every one would be respected —doses of Methodism to be given out quietly between lessons.

The hiding of the intention to proselytize is contemptible. Yet there it was. At the public inauguration of the Crandon Institute—a school for the daughters of the so-called better classes—the directress, Miss Vickory, set forth the institution as "respecting the religious convictions of all." Yet in her report to the Conference, in 1899, while admitting that "some parents do not want their children to enter a Protestant church," she frankly says: "We have established service in the interior of the institution itself every Sunday morning. Our Italian minister presides and all our boarders are obliged to assist at it." The Isabella Clark Refuge confesses positive treachery to the wishes of parents:

> "Despite the efforts of the parents, who, though taking advantage of the material benefits that we furnish them, try to prevent their children from knowing and practising the truths of our Christian religion, we find with pleasure that the little ones do not forget the prayers they hear and the nice hymns they sing" (*Cenni Storici*).

For forty years Methodism has been at work in Italy, spending there meanwhile immense sums of money. With the results of Methodism in Italy the Board of Bishops are satisfied. They even venture to see in the charges brought against its methods and aims a recognition of its "success."

Bishop Burt speaks officially. According to statements in "Europe and Methodism," Methodism in Italy, in 1881, counted ministers, 19; members and probationers, 1,019; and, in 1907,

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ministers, 43; members and probationers, 3,689; Sunday-school scholars and teachers, 1,922.

At face value, the figures afford slight room for a pæan of triumph. But, as a matter of fact, a wide distinction must be noted between figures and realities. The figures, of course, were gathered from Elders and ministers. Methods of counting members and probationers being much the same to-day as in the time of Dr. Stackpole—the Board of Bishops will have us believe that they are exactly the same—we are compelled to make heavy allowance for sundry tricks and exaggerations, and eliminate from Bishop Burt's figures the outgrowth of all such methods. And then, with something like realities before us, we call for further sifting, since the purpose is to discover the exact residuum of genuine Methodism in Italy. How many of those actually registered as "members and probationers" are "members," and how many are "probationers"? "Probationers," we claim, count for little. They are mere probabilities, oftener mere possibilities. Not seldom they are people who, now and then, peep into Methodist chapels to see what is going on, or who register their names at one and the same time as "probationers" and as petitioners for gifts of charity. And as to "members," how many are Simon-pure, disinterested converts, as distinguished from men and women liable to suspicion in the motives of their attachment to the new faith, such as we must consider those classes of mendicants and salaried employees so graphically described by Dr. Stackpole? The "ministers," too, should be divided into two categories—on the one side, ministers earnestly unselfish and evangelical, and, on the other, ex-priests, ex-Waldensians, ex-Presbyterians, the vast majority of whom, it is admitted, preach for a price, and only for a price. Already I have given details as to how Sunday-schools are recruited, so that no effort of fancy is needed to simmer down to reason the figures of Sunday-school pupils and teachers reported by Bishop Burt.

Bishop Burt must be heard from again before we believe that Methodism in Italy is anything beyond a disbursing bank, an aggregation of chapels and school buildings, a counting-house of insults and injuries against the Catholic Church and its Pontiff, a big bag of wind and loud shouting.

Against the reports of Bishop Burt I set statements recently

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forwarded to me by a well-known Roman priest, actively engaged in counteracting the Methodist propaganda, Rev. P. Mandato, S. J.:

"The number of so-called converts to Methodism is very small. Methodists count as converts all those who through curiosity fill now and then their halls and chapels. Their work of perversion is chiefly amongst the children and the youths of the poverty-stricken. As to grown-up persons, they make among them very few proselytes; most of those they seem to win over are people who formerly had no religion or were firebrands of social or political revolutions, joining the Methodists in order to shout in company against Pope and Church. Some families I know are bound to go to the Methodist Church because the fathers are employed in the Methodist printing-house or some other Methodist institution. The 'Society of the Preservation of the Faith' is very efficient in counteracting the Methodist propaganda. Methodists are making no real progress; rather they are losing ground. As to gains to Methodism from schools and refuges—the efforts of the Methodists are directed especially towards the children of the very poor, to whom the bait is held out of free education and the teaching of English in attractive and comfortable quarters. But even those children are withdrawn so soon as the parents are made aware of the perils to which their faith is exposed, or similar advantages are offered to them in Catholic institutions. There is also the Crandon International Institute for girls of the better people; but generally the girls who go there for schooling do not frequent their worship and remain as they were, Catholics or Jewesses, or of no religion at all, according as they had been previously brought up by their parents."

So far the aims and methods of Methodism in Italy; and so far the success with which those aims and methods have been rewarded. I trust the Board of Bishops are satisfied that the details of the specific acts upon which charges against Methodism in Italy have been made are now stated with such clearness and precision that the validity of those charges may now be tested, at the good pleasure of the Board, before the judgment of the country. To what extent there has been "an unprovoked and unwarranted" attempt to "discredit" one of their "most successful missions" by calumnious accusations the country will determine.

It was my task to justify the attitude of aloofness adopted by the Vatican towards Methodism in Italy—as shown on sundry occasions, specifically so in the circumstances attending the recent visit of Mr. Roosevelt to Rome.

It was not Methodism, the Board of Bishops would have us

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believe, that was in the mind of the Vatican in connection with the visit of Mr. Roosevelt, but diplomacy and etiquette—Methodism being brought forward merely as a diversion to cover and conceal the real issue in question.

As the words of the Bishops must be interpreted, the Pontiff finds in the facts of its propaganda no justification for his attitude towards the Methodist Church, as towards all who either give ready approval to it, or through stress of circumstances, without will or wish of their own, are in peril of being entangled into giving to it, directly or indirectly, countenance or encouragement. The diplomatic exigency to which the Bishops make reference is, of course, the position maintained by the Pontiff since the loss of his temporal power towards the Italian Government.

I can assure the Board of Bishops that in the mind of the Pontiff and in that of the Cardinal Secretary of State there was not the slightest thought of local diplomacy when a reply was given to the request of Mr. Roosevelt for an audience. A year ago I was talking with the Cardinal Secretary of State about the coming of Mr. Roosevelt to Rome. The Cardinal expressed the great pleasure it would be to the Pontiff and to himself to meet Mr. Roosevelt and show to him every token of the high esteem in which they held himself and the country he represented. I ventured to say that most likely Mr. Roosevelt would visit the Quirinal before visiting the Vatican. The Cardinal replied: no objection to that in the case of Mr. Roosevelt.

It was not local diplomacy; it was the Methodist Church in Rome that brought on the difficulty. It is the custom of the Methodist Church in Rome to seize upon distinguished American visitors for addresses in its halls and chapels to the purpose of draping itself in the eyes of the Roman people with the mantle of American honor and American prestige. Mr. Seth Low went from an audience with the Pontiff to the Methodist Chapel and made there an address—all unconscious, I am sure, of the consequences to follow. It was a triumph for Methodism. Says *"Cenni Storici"*:

"The fact that the Hon. Seth Low, the ex-Mayor of New York, as a political and liberal man, came to pay a visit to our College, and held there a splendid discourse to the pupils of all our institutions of Rome, assembled in our American Church, has shaken the nerves of our enemies

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(Pope and Catholics). Many reporters were present who produced the brilliant speech in the city papers."

Later Mr. Fairbanks, who, of course, had never read Dr. Stackpole or "*L'Evangelista,*" was taken hold of, and much ado there was in papers both of Rome and of America over his speech in the Methodist hall. Now Mr. Roosevelt was coming. So far as precedents gave lesson, the Vatican could not but fear that pressure might be brought to bear on him to induce him to lend his favor in whatever degree to the Institute of Via Venti Settembre. With the purposes and wiles of the institute Mr. Roosevelt, it was thought, most likely was not conversant: so far he had had no occasion to run up against its ruling spirit, Rev. Mr. Tipple. The honor of the Vatican was supreme, as it should be, in the mind of the Cardinal: it must at all hazard be safeguarded; neither must obstacles intervene that should keep the doors of the Vatican from being thrown wide open in greeting to Mr. Roosevelt. So in reply to Mr. Roosevelt's request for an audience a message was sent, courteous and confidential, acceding, of course, to the request, yet intimating the unpleasant position to which the Vatican would be reduced were there the least peril that what had happened to Mr. Low and to Mr. Fairbanks were by any miscalculation or oversight to happen to him. The more illustrious the visitor, the more was he to be put on his guard. Unfortunately, the message of the Vatican reached Mr. Roosevelt under the cover of comments from the hand of the American Ambassador to the Quirinal and was read in the glare of those comments. Certainly the situation was perplexing. The comments of Mr. Leishman under his eyes, the answer given by Mr. Roosevelt is not a surprise to Americans. Subsequent developments brought further confusion. There were other and yet more embarrassing comments from Mr. Leishman to Mr. Roosevelt; and there was the cavalier and unwarranted declaration of Mr. O'Loughlin to the Cardinal that Mr. Roosevelt was just the man to go from the Vatican to the Methodist hall. Circumstances, let us say, conspired to defeat an understanding which was sure to be, had Mr. Roosevelt and the Cardinal Secretary of State come face to face, or had they spoken to each other in direct correspondence without let or hindrance of intermediaries. However, as things went, the Cardinal Secretary of State, supremely preoccupied, as it was his duty to be, with the necessity

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of safeguarding at all hazard the honor of the Holy See, was allowed no alternative: the audience was made impossible. Such the Roosevelt incident, in which, back of all the immediate circumstances, the one controlling element was the American Methodist Episcopal Church.

The attitude of the Vatican towards the Methodist mission must not be other than what it is. If in this attitude there is intolerance it is the intolerance of vile insult and treacherous fraud. With persons differing from it in creed, honorable in their sincerity of belief and well mannered in their bearing, the Vatican is always most tolerant, most courteous. But as was the Saviour Himself so is the Vatican, severe and intolerant when confronted by the Pharisee and the money-changer of the temple. Apart from his position as Vicar of Christ, the Pontiff of the Vatican rules a kingdom great in the majesty of history as no other kingdom present or past. It owes respect to itself; it owes respect to the hundreds of millions who venerate its spiritual sceptre: it must brook no friend, no foe, who casts insult into its face. And then the Vatican is the supreme guardian of faith and morals: when these are assailed, it must not, in manner least direct, betoken approval of the enemy—this, less than ever, when the targets of the attack are the more poor and helpless of its subjects, when missiles from the hostile camp, steeped in fraud and deceit, call for loud and insistent warning, lest the thoughtless and simple-minded be stricken unawares.

JOHN IRELAND.

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THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

We shall probably come close to the truth if we say that while Mr. Hay was at the head of the Department of State the keynote of the foreign policy of the United States was the conservation of the Chinese Empire and the safeguarding of the open door of trade. When Mr. Root took his place, toward the close of 1905, he gave the greatest prominence to a principle first emphasized, perhaps, by Mr. Blaine, in working vigorously for more intimate relations with the Latin-American Republics and thus strengthening the feeling of American unity. Can we find a like expression for American foreign policy in the hands of the present Secretary of State?

While it is, of course, true that the final direction of Mr. Knox's policy may be shaped by events still hidden in the darkness of the future, it is also true that certain lines of force already show themselves clearly; certain principles of wide application, hammered out by Mr. Knox, seem destined to influence and direct his entire administration. It is, indeed, becoming daily more probable that the present administration will mark a new era in the policy of the United States, an epoch of larger and more general purposes, based on clear and comprehensive views; a policy comparable in thoroughness and scope with that, let us say, of the British Foreign Office or the German Department of Foreign Affairs.

It would seem that, as contrasted with the policies of his two predecessors at the State Department, the policy of Mr. Knox cannot be called a specialized policy, unless we may call it a policy of universal specialization, one whose aim is to promote American interests impartially in all quarters of the world alike.

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Such a policy, wisely directed, is obviously the most broadly beneficial to the national interests, moral, political and commercial. The energetic pursuit of this broader diplomacy naturally involves a range of activities which brings the foreign policy of the United States into the arena of public discussion much more than formerly. It is interesting to observe the awakening popular interest in the diplomacy of the United States as a world-power, although it would seem that the press of this country is not yet adjusted to that patient and intelligently analytical frame of mind in which the subject of foreign affairs is approached in the older countries, where the great organs realize, in a spirit of patriotism or enlightened self-interest, that what they write on foreign affairs is spoken to the world and to their adversaries.

Up to the time of the Spanish-American war foreign affairs played no great part in the general policy of the United States. Americans took only a platonic interest in world-politics, and the external relations of the Government at Washington were little more than formal, such episodes as President Cleveland's vigorous interposition in the Venezuelan boundary dispute being the exceptions which prove the rule. Then came the transition period of Mr. Root and Mr. Hay; the period marked by single dominant policies like the conservation of China or the Pan-American movement, leading up to the present time, when the United States is ready to adopt a foreign policy, matured, far-reaching and consistent, such a policy as befits the relations of a world-power.

On January 10th, 1910, Mr. Knox had occasion to make a comprehensive statement on the position and aims of his department before the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs; such a statement as Sir Edward Grey might make to the House of Commons. This meeting of the Secretary of State with the Congressional Committee is, in fact, the nearest equivalent, in the American system, of the English principle of ministerial responsibility to the popular House of Parliament. In his statement to the Congressional Committee Mr. Knox luminously summed up the present position of affairs by saying that the increase of work in the Department of State in the last few years had been prodigious, continually advancing by leaps and bounds; more questions, more kinds of questions and more new questions

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came up for solution every day than at any other period in the history of the department, unless, perhaps, during a war or pending a war. Mr. Knox insisted very strongly on the fact that the Department of State was undermanned; that there were far too few men in the department to deal adequately with all these questions; and that, in his wide experience in the public service, he had found no harder worked service than the Department of State, or any service where men gave such unusual hours to their work. He expressed the fervent hope that Congress would share this view and make proper and permanent provision for the foreign policy of the United States.

In reply to the inquiry of a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs as to whether these were Asiatic questions, Mr. Knox declared that they were Asiatic, they were Turkish, they were Russian, they were Latin-American, Canadian, African. They came from all quarters of the world, for there was not a quarter of the world now untouched by American interests. The growth and development of the diplomatic relations of the United States since the Spanish war had in all probability more than doubled the work of the Department of State.

To meet this new position, Mr. Knox developed a plan which is the first noteworthy departure of the new administration. He divided the foreign affairs of the United States into four great divisions, according to geographical and political relations. As a result the Department of State at Washington has, first, a Division of Latin-American Affairs, which has charge of correspondence, diplomatic and consular, on matters other than those of an administrative character, in relation to Mexico, Central America, Panama, South America and the West Indies, under a chief who has had special experience in Latin-American diplomacy; second, a Division of Western European Affairs, including Great Britain, with Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and British colonies not elsewhere enumerated, Portugal, Spain, France, Morocco, Belgium, the Congo, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, the Netherlands, Luxemburg, Denmark and Liberia; third, a Division of Near Eastern Affairs, which includes Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Abyssinia, Persia, Egypt and their colonies; and, fourthly, a Division of Far Eastern Affairs, whose name sufficiently describes its scope.

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We shall try to review the foreign relations of the United States along the lines of this great fourfold division. Before attempting this, however, it may be wise to consider another new departure, namely, the work of the Bureau of Trade Relations, in connection with which the President created the Tariff Board under the Payne-Aldrich law. In his message of December 7th Mr. Taft explained that the tariff law had empowered him to appoint a Tariff Board to assist the Department of State in the negotiations as to the extension of the minimum or maximum clause of the tariff act; and also to assist the proper officers of the Government in the administration of the entire tariff law. The Board, which is attached to the Department of the Treasury, is expected to consult and advise with the Bureau of Trade Relations of the Department of State as to the terms extended to the United States in the customs laws of other countries. The issuing of proclamations extending to different countries the most favorable rates under the Payne-Aldrich law, and the continuance of such proclamations as have been issued, will depend on the facts thus ascertained. The tariff legislation of foreign countries must be followed from month to month to determine whether proclamations shall be continued or revoked. To take an example, the success of Mr. Balfour's Tariff Reform policy in England might make it necessary for this country to alter the status of Great Britain under the minimum and maximum clause of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. This examination of foreign customs laws necessarily becomes a part of the permanent work of the Department of State at Washington.

This brings into relief the change which is passing over the face of world-politics in our time. Central Europe, perhaps, excepted, the driving forces of world-politics are no longer dynastic. They concern themselves rather with the exchange of commodities and the development of the forces of civilization. The first stage of world-politics was the struggle for territory, because the resources of governments, largely of the nature of taxes on land, were most easily increased by the conquest of new regions. The second stage of world-politics was the struggle for markets. The third, on which we are now entering, is the contest, not so much for territory or even for markets, as for fields of development; for the introduction of organizing power and capital, rather than merchandise, into new regions.

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It is evident that this development calls for special knowledge and skill in our diplomatic agents; a degree of knowledge and skill not very likely to be secured by the old system of appointment for party or personal services. To meet this new situation, and as a part of the modernization of the Department of State, we have the reorganization of the diplomatic service by Mr. Knox's Executive Order of November 26th, 1909.

This Executive Order in effect takes the diplomatic service out of politics, by applying to it the principles of the Civil Service Act. First, as regards the higher grades of the service, it contemplates promoting to the rank of Ambassador or Minister those Secretaries of Embassies or Legations who, by reason of efficient service, have demonstrated special capacity. To this end, a careful efficiency record of every officer of the diplomatic service will be kept, in order that there may be no promotion except on well-established efficiency as shown in the service; and that retention in the service may be conditioned upon the officers' maintaining a degree of efficiency well up to the average high standard which the interests of the service demand. Further, appointments from outside to secretaryships in the diplomatic service shall in future be only to the class of Third Secretary of Embassy or a corresponding rank in Legations; vacancies of the higher classes of secretaryships being filled by promotion from the lower grades, based upon ability and efficiency as shown in the service.

Again, candidates for appointments in the diplomatic service will in future be required to pass examinations similar to the Civil Service examinations. These will be held at Washington, and candidates will be asked to qualify in international law, diplomatic usage and a knowledge of at least one modern language other than English, to wit, French, Spanish or German; also of the natural, industrial and commercial resources and the commerce of the United States; American history, government and institutions; and the modern history, since 1850, of Europe, Latin-America and the Far East. An oral examination will also be held to determine the candidate's alertnss, general contemporary information and natural fitness for the service, including mental, moral and physical qualifications, character, address, general education and command of good English. It will be remembered that a corresponding reform of the consular service, brought about by the Executive Order of June 27th, 1906, has

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already had an excellent effect upon that other branch of the foreign service.

This wise and intelligent organization of the system of appointments to the diplomatic service is only second in importance to the reorganization of the Department of State already described; this latter being more important because the efficiency of the whole foreign service must of necessity depend on the wisdom and efficiency of its direction by the Department of State.

This twofold reorganization is of the highest practical value. It is the first substantive achievement of the present administration of the Department of State and marks the beginning of a new era in the conduct of the foreign policy of the United States.

Having thus cleared the way, we now come to a consideration of the details of foreign policy under the new administration. In general, I think it might almost be said to be a new axiom of the present administration that the Department of State should endeavor in all cases to give all proper support to legitimate and beneficial American enterprises in foreign countries, at the same time scrutinizing such enterprises in order to arrive at a conservative decision as to whether they are worthy of support, and as to the degree of support which would be justified by the extent of their real benefit to the United States, and by their relation to the important policies of the Government. This attitude puts new life and energy into what might often be merely formal acts and relations. It is likely to be of real and lasting benefit to many foreign countries, which will be able, in safe and conservative ways, to profit by American organizing power and American capital, thus furthering the general development of civilization, while at the same time stimulating American commerce, enterprise and influence. A policy of greater energy and initiative will take the place of what was perhaps the too cautious and negative foreign policy of this country.

A brief survey of the condition of the nations, as viewed by the foreign policy of the United States, will not be out of place. In his annual message Mr. Taft declared that the Pan-American policy of the Government had long been fixed in its principles and remained unchanged; that beside this fundamental principle there have grown up a realization of political interests, community of institutions and ideals and a flourishing commerce. All these

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bonds will be greatly strengthened as time goes on, and increased facilities, such as the great bank soon to be established in Latin-America, supply the means for building up the colossal intercontinental commerce of the future. Mr. Taft spoke reassuringly of conditions in Mexico, Venezuela, Panama and Cuba, and of the satisfactory collection of Dominican customs through the general receiver appointed by the President of the United States. He made it very clear that the Department of State had shown a praiseworthy reluctance to exert undue influence in Nicaragua, or to be drawn into the domestic affairs of that turbulent little State, in spite of many demands for the landing of American marines. He also pointed out that the Washington Conventions of 1907, which define the relations of the United States with the five Central-American Republics must not be construed as extending a general protection over the little Republics, in the sense of shielding bad or dishonest government, just as the Monroe doctrine must not be construed as protecting abuses, for example, in Venezuela.

Markedly illustrative of the policy of this country toward the Latin-American Republics was the attitude of the Department of State toward the Peru-Bolivia boundary dispute. In spite of the failure of the Argentine to adjust the trouble between these two South-American nations, the United States remained firmly persuaded that Peru and Bolivia, if left alone, would be able to solve the difficulty for themselves; and this strongly expressed confidence was, perhaps, the strongest factor in bringing about that solution. The two countries agreed to accept the Argentine award with certain modifications, and it is probable that, as a result, Bolivia will renew cordial relations with the Argentine Republic and will take part in the fourth Pan-American Conference, to be held at Buenos Ayres this summer. The faith shown by the United States that these Republics could settle their own affairs, and the refusal to interfere between them, is the best possible realization and application of the Pan-American idea. A further evidence of the vigor of Pan-Americanism is the fact that for the first time in history a Latin-American Government has placed a huge order for naval equipment with American shipyards, in the face of the most energetic European competition. The fair and favorable treatment accorded to the United States by the Argentine Government may, it is hoped, be taken to in-

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dicate a realization that the Pan-American *entente* is a matter of mutual and reciprocal advantage.

In the Far East the chief subject of negotiation has, of course, been the neutralization of the Manchurian railway, as a part of the general policy of the conservation of China, and the open door of equal opportunity. Since Japan and Russia were not willing, for the present, to relinquish the position of special advantage which they hold, as a result of the Cassini Convention and the Russo-Japanese war, the Department of State put forward an alternative plan for securing more general opportunities in Manchuria, namely, the building of a railroad from Chin Chow, on the southern seaboard of Manchuria, northward to Tsitsihar, where it will cross the present Manchurian line, and thence to Aigun, on the frontier of Russia's territory on the Amur River. This railroad will be built by an international organization for China, and when finished will open up the whole of western Manchuria. It will form an important factor in the industrial development of China; and should this precedent be followed, as no doubt it will, we shall have an active policy of conservation and development, instead of the old predatory policy of spheres of influence, concessions, leased areas and the like, which leads straight to the dismemberment of China, under gentler names, but in most effective ways. The significance of the policy of the United States in emphasizing the ideal of conservation will then be universally apparent, and will without doubt meet with the recognition it deserves from the Chinese nation and from those powers whose interests are in reality commercial rather than territorial.

Following Mr. Knox's system of political division, we now come to western Europe. Throughout this division the dominant question at present is the adjustment of trade relations under the minimum or maximum clause of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. Mr. Taft, advised thereto by the Department of State, has already issued proclamations announcing that the minimum duties under the tariff shall be in force on imports from the following countries: Great Britain, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, Spain and, more recently, Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Egypt, Persia and other lands. This amounts to the same thing as putting these countries on the basis of the most-favored nation, to use the phrase already familiar in commercial treaties. Ne-

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gotiations with France were successful, and the question of the status of Canada under the tariff law has also been happily solved.

Terminating our inquiry, we come to the Near East. Here we find a very interesting situation. Speaking before the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs, Mr. Knox dwelt at some length on the Turkish Empire, saying that the aspect of affairs had greatly improved in Turkey since Congress raised that post to the rank of an Embassy and thus secured for the representative of the United States more ready access to the Sultan. Mr. Knox further said that there was every indication that the demand of the consular service throughout the Turkish Empire for young Americans, young men speaking the Turkish language, would increase. There had been a remarkable increase of American activity since the Turks had established a constitutional Government. There is no country, Mr. Knox went on to say, which surpasses Turkey in undeveloped natural wealth. There has been little development there yet, few roads or means of communication. One project now in hand is to develop the valley of the Euphrates and Asia Minor, the great plains which were once the granary of the world. If they can be irrigated, they will form one of the richest regions on earth. Mr. Knox was informed that in Turkey there were greater opportunities for the profitable investment of American capital than in any other part of the world.

Here is matter of possible mutual advantage. Under the Capitulations, foreigners residing in Turkey are under the laws of their respective countries and are amenable for trial to a tribunal presided over by their consul. This superseding of the Turkish courts of justice is a sore point with Turkey, just as a similar situation was with Japan until the abolition of extra-territoriality, so recently as 1899. And the rapid progress of Turkey, under the present sane and enlightened *régime,* makes it more than ever desirable to Turkey that these extra-territorial courts should cease to exist. It is probable that Turkey might enlist the sympathy of this country in such a plan; and, at the same time, ways and means might be considered whereby the United States might have a favorable opportunity to aid in the development of the rich Euphrates valley and Asia Minor.

We should not turn from contemplating the foreign policy of the Department of State, under the guidance of Mr. Knox, with-

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out mentioning another matter of high importance: the feeling that American citizens and American interests in foreign countries are being jealously guarded, and that perhaps now, more than ever before in the history of this country, there is meaning the world over in the phrase, "*Civis Romanus sum.*"

That this safeguarding of American citizens and interests will be carried out in harmony with the principles of peace is made more certain by the noteworthy work being done by the Department of State toward the establishment of a general court of arbitral justice at The Hague. At the last Hague Conference an effort was made to create an International Prize Court. An obstacle was found in the fact that neither international law nor the administrative or municipal laws of the different countries were sufficiently developed and uniform to afford a definite body of law for the prize court to administer. Therefore, the London Maritime Conference was called. This conference adopted, *ad referendum,* a body of rules for the government of a prize court. A circular recently drawn up by Mr. Knox proposes that the jurisdiction of the prize court shall be extended to enable it to consider international disputes. Thus we shall have as a reality the general court of arbitral justice for which peace advocates the world over have worked so long. This is a great advance toward universal peace, which should appeal to all lovers of peace, who, perhaps, do not always realize that among the most effective works for peace are policies like those whose principles the Department of State is now applying in the vitally important and difficult Far Eastern and Pan-American questions.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

"IT is my calling to question, not to answer," Henrik Ibsen, that sick soul, said when called on to solve one of the innumerable problems he had stripped bare and flung out for society to struggle with. No situation, no relation, no creed, no custom, no convention passed under review of his sharp, small eyes, but he forthwith tapped with his knuckle, and the bitter smile of his close-compressed lips bears witness how often the sound he evoked rung hollow. Not so to his great contemporary and compatriot Björnson did the world disclose its inner nature. His vision had a narrower range, his heart was warmer, his nature more compliant. Between these two great writers one may see the differences that sever the thinker who suffers the woes of all humanity and becomes the tongue of the world and the ages, and the man who, living closely knit to his immediate surroundings, striking root deep down into the soil of his own land, becomes the incarnate expression and the idol of his nation and his day. Ibsen might stand as an embodiment of the nineteenth century with its iconoclastic forces, its restless probings and questionings, its haughty refusal to trust appearances, take facts on faith or interpretations on tradition. Yes, even the embittered humility of his refusal to answer questions is an expression akin to the century's unabashed agnosticism. Never before has man had the lowliness of his place in the universe rubbed so thoroughly into his consciousness.

If the more striking movements of the nineteenth century touched Björnson it was late in life and after travel and study. Like Robert Browning, he was born a physical optimist. "Strong as the beast of prey whose name twice occurs in his," writes a friend, "he looms up majestically in my mind with his massive

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head, his firmly compressed lips and his sharp, penetrating gaze from behind his spectacles." With his fine endowment of physique it is impossible to know how much of his faith in man and life was due to his robust circulation, his eupeptic constitution.

That Norway, like other provincial places that lie somewhat aside from the great currents of life, has its own method of persecution we may guess from Björnson's description of the ways of its small towns:

"The inhabitants are very orderly—not from fear of the police, for, as a rule, there is none—but from fear of being talked about, as everybody is known to everybody else. If you go down the street you must raise your hat at almost every window, and there is usually an old lady sitting there to return your bow. Further, you must greet every one you meet; for all these quiet people go about reflecting as to what is fitting for the world in general and themselves in particular. Whoever oversteps the bounds prescribed by his rank or calling loses his good name; for his father and his grandfather, too, are known as well as he is himself, and every leaning toward the unseemly which has previously displayed itself in the family is brought to light."

This atmosphere and the general hostility which exceptional abilities and unprecedented opinions awaken exiled Ibsen, we know, for a large part of his life from Norway. But Björnson was "ever a fighter." He was stout-hearted and cheerfully ready for any opposition and hostility that offered, and, indeed, provoked a good deal of it. At one time, when matters seemed about at their worst for him, it was reported in the daily press that he was to leave Norway. His answer, through the same medium, was prompt and emphatic: "I shall stay right here in Norway; I shall win or lose in Norway; I shall thrash or get thrashed in Norway."

Kvikne,—where this great bear of the North was born, December 8th, 1832, just four years after the birth of Ibsen,—Kvikne, in that cheerless, bare, ice-bound region where no crops ever ripened, had with all its disadvantages wherewithal to harden and to strengthen, and something of the Norwegian's boldness and naïveté may have come to him through the very barrenness and austere grandeur of those great peaks that hemmed in the vision of his first six years. In his charming little sketch "Blakken" we get a vivid picture of the place and the memories of it that lasted with the author to manhood. The coming of winter there, far up on the mountainside in the Dövre Chain, was sorrowfully

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early. Nor could the summer be relied upon. The good pastor who was Björnson's father sowed a field with grain one warm and early spring, only to find it buried deep in snow the following day. The mown hay was in constant danger of snow-storms, and then when finally winter came "the cold was so great," he writes, "that I dared not take hold of the latch of the street door lest my fingers should freeze fast to the iron." The pastor, who was born in the region and well acclimated, was, nevertheless, obliged to wear a mask over his face when he drove to his sub-parish. Snow often lay on a level with the second-story windows, while the smaller outhouses were frequently buried for weeks at a time. The author, writing in 1872, looks back and remembers how he used to stand on a table looking out over the vast stretch of glittering snow in which hills, shrubberies and fences were smoothed away and only the tops of the tall birch-trees fluttered over the smooth surface; or else from the same elevated post he watched this white sea lashed by winds into billowy undulations, the snow-shoe runners faring down the glittering hillside, or the little Laps, looking hardly more than balls of fur, in sleighs drawn by reindeer come whizzing down the mountains and up the slope. It was at that time a remote and dangerous part of the country, and the priest went to and from divine service armed. Indeed, the incumbent who preceded Björnson's father fled the country and the charge had gone unpastored for some years. The ways of the land may be judged by one of the author's earliest recollections:

"I still remember distinctly how, one Saturday morning, I was in the act of creeping up-stairs to the study, because there was a coating of ice on the steps after scrubbing, and had not proceeded very far when a crash and a din from the study drove me down again in terror. For one of the champions of the parish had undertaken up there to teach the refractory priest the ways of the people and found to his dismay that the priest was resolved to teach him his own first. He made his exit from the door in such a manner that he came tumbling all the way down to the bottom of the stairs, and then gathering himself up, he reached the street door in four bounds."

These childish recollections throw a certain light upon the scenes of violence sown throughout Björnson's novels. One is constantly brought up standing by blows, fisticuffs; forms of savage brutality which a more sophisticated civilization carries out in refinements of coldness, reserve or sarcasm.

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Later on, somewhere about the poet's sixth year, his father was called to Naësset in the Romsdal Valley. Here we find the controlling influence of Björnson's life and work; here he discovered the element which afterwards became the distinguishing mark, the chief feature of his art—the beauty of his land. He lived amidst the very stuff of his work. That the first impression was deep we may judge from his description of his earliest experiences there:

"Here at the Naësset parsonage, one of the finest gards in the country, lying broadbreasted between the two arms of the fjord, with green mountains above and cataracts and gards on the opposite shore, with undulating fields and eager life in the heart of the valley, and out along the fjords, mountains, from which naze after naze with a large gard on each, project out into the water—here at Naësset parsonage, where I could stand of evenings and watch the play of the sun over mountain and fjord until I wept as if I had done something wrong; and where on my show-shoes, down in some valley or other, I could suddenly pause, as one spellbound by a beauty, a yearning, which I was powerless to explain, but which was so great that I felt the most exalted joy as well as the most oppressive sense of imprisonment and grief; here at Naësset my impressions grew."

In reading Björnson's work as a whole it comes upon one how profoundly the type of the environment worked upon his creation, compact as it is of almost savage strength, utter tenderness and the naïveté which belongs to those who have spent their youth apart, in loneliness.

Björnson's life, were it to be told in detail, offers more of incident and activity than that of most men of letters, for the enforced isolation of his early childhood made him apparently the more eager to mix with his kind later on, and he was as much a patriot as a poet. Indeed, one of his critics says that to utter his name is equal to hoisting the Norwegian flag. At an early age, sent to the Latin school in the little town of Molde, he organized societies among his mates, was a leader in games, but never distinguished as a student. He was, however, an omnivorous reader, devouring the old Norse *sagas,* folk-lore tales and folk *sagas* and the works of Wergeland, one of the first of the Northern writers to interest himself in the economic condition of the peasantry. From the Latin school at Molde Björnson progressed to the University of Christiania. He was at this time, it is said, and one can well believe it from later pictures, a youth of quite

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extraordinary beauty, large, athletic and very fair, with unforgettable blue eyes, a great exuberance of spirits and a simplicity and naïveté which belonging to one so distinguished in appearance conveyed an impression of something akin to grandeur—as of one who could easily afford to be himself. At this time he wrote a drama called "*Valborg,*" which was accepted by the directors of the Theatre of Christiania but which the author himself withdrew before it was presented, preferring to wait and do something better. He threw himself with Ibsen enthusiastically into the fight to free the Norwegian theatre from Danish influences. His feeling about the whole matter reappears later on in that comic scene in which Signe, the fisher lass, presents herself to the Danish director of the theatre in Bergen, and to prove her fitness for a stage career mimics his wife.

In his own country Björnson is most widely known and loved as a poet, as a writer of those songs which a whole nation knows and loves and sings, songs like the national anthem:

> "Yes, we love the land so rock-bound
> Rising from the foam;"

Or like that song of the lofty mountains in Arne which retains an echo of its original yearning charm even in translation. To English readers he must of necessity, first and foremost, come as novelist. In his twenty-fifth year he published the first of a long series of pastoral studies, "*Synnöve Solbakken.*" It is difficult to say what economic conditions lay at the root of the sudden rise of the peasant in the poetic imagination of Europe just at this time. It is said that George Sand's rustic stories were directly inspired by Auerbach's "Black Forest Tales" and "On the Heights," that wonderful combination of Spinoza's "Ethics" and Immermann's peasant drawings. It is fairly certain, however, that Björnson knew neither Walpurga nor *la petite* Fadette, and that "*Synnöve Solbakken*" is a picture drawn direct from his own youth gilded and lighted by the touch of memory in absence. The striking thing about the book is that, the work of a man just twenty-five, it yet bears no mark of immaturity, no bungling. Björnson with his natural naïveté and grand simplicity did not even make the usual encouraging blunder of youth, that of trying his hand upon a canvas too large for him to manage. A series of simple pictures of life, of the happy religious folk who lived on the sunny hill and the somewhat less

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consecrated family of little Thorbjörn who lived in the shade where the sun came only fitfully and the hay dried so slowly. The characters are given with the sure quick drawing of a master, delicately and always in low relief, without a touch too much, yet distinct and true. Greater always, however, than his figure-drawing is his landscape-painting, as perfect here in this first book as in the last. We get at once in a few lines the high spot on the mountain open on all sides, with the sun flooding it from early dawn to twilight; we see little Thorbjörn sent to tend the herds on the mountain, sitting on the stone with the cattle about him, listening to the church bells as they rise from the valley and mingle with the tinkle of the sheep-bells. We can follow him as he walked at night when the rest were well in bed to set out Synnöve's flowers through the forest stretching upward, now blue, now dark, now still darker toward the rocky waste, till it looked like a great sea of mist. Two tales are current of this book; the one that, appearing first in a periodical at Christiania, attracted so much attention that it was immediately published in book form, ran through ten editions quickly and was translated into French, English, German, Swedish, Dutch, Finnish, Russian and Spanish.

The other tale told by Boyeson is that after the book was published Björnson waited impatiently for the comment of his friends, but none of them read it. Finally he persuaded a friend to attack it on the promise of a bottle of punch as a reward. The friend lay down on the bed and began to read. Björnson sat down opposite, breathless with expectation. The leaves were turned one after another, but not a word was spoken. Finally the last page was turned, the friend arose, claimed his bottle of punch, lit his pipe, and as he was doing it the words softly escaped him: "Devil take me, if that isn't the best book I ever read in my life."

It is, indeed, perfect because so little was attempted. Björnson was as yet untouched by world problems, by questions of psychology or philosophy. The inarticulate peasant souls that he depicted, with their occasional outbreaks of savagery, of beating, fighting and drunkenness, with their narrow religious creed as a chief means of æsthetic expression, their violent dances and hard drinking as a sole form of diversion, were drawn with fine and tender sentiment, but were as yet untouched by tragedy. "Arne," written in 1858, repeated the success of "*Synnöve.*" It is sown

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throughout with charming songs, for Arne, like his creator, was a lyric poet. "The Happy Boy" followed in 1859 and is a third rustic idyl; the characters, Dr. Rasmus Anderson thinks, gaining in distinctness while the author's artlessness and simplicity of style remained untouched. It is, perhaps, not a fault that these peasant types fall at times so deep in their setting that one hardly distinguishes the man from the tree or the busy life on the gard from the aspects of the weather on the mountains. It is the Norwegian country the author is giving us; man as the product of the soil; and the art is the more perfect that when we finish reading one of these tales we know and love the land as much as the persons. And how dumb and instinctive are the little modest love tales that adorn the pages. Love comes to these shy souls as a capricious, mute visitant troubling the flesh, opening their eyes to beauty and their souls to music, saddening them only as preparation for an unspeakable and unspoken joy. It is the love of a simple folk who have fared hardly and lived in the open. There is nothing feverish or perverse or uncertain in it. The instinct is true and untrammelled, and we know of a surety that the right people will gravitate together, that Synnöve will put Thorbjörn to the test but will wait for him; that Arne will overcome the enmity of his father's foe and marry Eli, for whom he has for years been buying gifts to hide in the chest of the best chamber; that Oyvind will go up to Nordistuen and take Marit, for as he has said to her: "All unhappy love belongs to timid people, or weak people, or calculating people who keep waiting for some special opportunity, or cunning people who in the end smart for their own cunning, or to sensuous people that do not care enough for each other to forget rank and distinction."

The decade of Björnson's life from 1860 to 1870 was full of activity and work. He was for a time editor of a paper in Christiania; he contributed short stories and sketches such as "The Father," "The Eagle's Nest," to the periodicals; he became the director of a theatre. He travelled through Germany and Italy and spent two years in Rome, where he produced "*Sigurd Slembe,*" an historical dramatic poem—a noble production full of fine rhetorical passages and still deep set in the Norwegian soil. A government pension of 1,000 thalers was then granted him; he revived a little comedy called "The Newly Married," published a poetic drama, "Mary Stuart," once again became di-

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rector of a theatre, and in 1868 published "The Fisher Lass," to my mind the most perfect of his Norwegian idyls. At this point Björnson had gained complete control of his materials. His landscapes stand out, colored and vivid in a few sure strokes; a new sense has awakened in him that man is what he is by reason of his ancestry, and he begins the tale of the Fisher Lass with her grandparents on both sides. The girl's mind hampered at first in the little fishing village expands; she goes to Bergen and sees the theatre; she reads Shakespeare with the parson's daughter; she has an irresistible vocation and follows it. From this tale we may derive what a long intellectual journey through the realm of ideas Björnson made in a few years. From a narrow, hide-bound Protestant of the type now so frequently called muscular Christian, with all prejudices of the peasants themselves, with the shamefaced reserve of the hardy extreme north folk, the author here arrives at admitting that a woman may have an intellectual vocation and the right to follow it. To be sure, the man who has passionately loved the Fisher Lass, discovering that she has the artist temperament and a vocation, finds his love instantly quenched and he falls in love with the colorless pastor's daughter who has befriended the heroine. Björnson was willing to grant a woman's right to her life, her talents, her career, but it was beyond him at that period to realize that these might be for her as for a man compatible with a home, husband, children and the natural fulfilments of life.

The "Fisher Lass" is the last of the pastoral idyls; the last of those stories which have the same sort of haunting charm as Greig's melodies, a far-away melancholy, broken, irregular syncopations and rhythms of a primitive and undeveloped people, the gentle falling cadences of life but half awake and aware of itself.

At the point of his greatest celebrity and popularity Björnson did what only a strong man could do; instead of continuing in the vein which had won this success, he stopped writing and resumed his education. He read French, German, English literature, philosophy, science, all the modern periodicals, and when he began to produce again it was from a new point of view. His old world had vanished. Like all great men, he realized that life, however it began, could not end with himself, and having seen and learned more, he became a part of all he had absorbed, identi-

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fied himself with all the life and thought he had reached. In the new period Björnson had new causes to fight for, the position of women, business ethics, standards of morality, the cruelties and superstitions of the old Jewish creed. In 1872 he published two plays, "The Editor" and "The Bankrupt." The first dealt with the abuses of the power of the press; the second with the ethics of business life. "The King" is a tragedy in which the king, who has Republican principles, renounces the throne and wishes to marry a woman of the people. "The New System" (1879) is a matter of the wasteful management of railways; "Leonarda" (1879), "A Glove" (1883), both deal with the double standard of morality for men and women; "Beyond Human Strength" (1883), with the question of miracles wrought by faith; "Geography and Love" (1885), a domestic comedy; "Laboremus" (1901), "At Storhöve," sum up his plays at this period. These were interspersed by tales and novels. "*Magnhild*" copes with woman's right to free herself of a husband when her moral development is hampered by him. The story, however, is indistinct and unconvincing. It has, indeed, some fine character-drawing and the old-time cunning at landscape-painting. But the *morale* of the book is a little odd. Skarlie the husband, while we are repeatedly told that he was a rascal, seems to be more than ordinarily blameless in his relations to his young and beautiful wife, so that when she decides to exchange him for America,—that haven and refuge in the dreams of all Björnson's people,—one's sympathies are uncertain. To be sure, she married him without love; that he got her as it were by cunning; but the average mortal learns to pay for stupidity and incompetence the same price that he pays for sin. To justify Magnhild, Skarlie should have been worse. Doubtless he was, but the author, absorbed in his women characters, forgot to paint him. He is only obscurely indicated. Magnhild herself lost her dream, her love, her career, but discovered in the end that all her small and casual efforts at goodness reaped unexpected harvests. "Dust" is a little tale strikingly told, dealing with the same thesis as the play "Beyond Human Strength," namely, the relation of the real world to the supernatural, both strongly recommending, even as Browning did, that in this life we confine ourselves to human means of betterment, since all tampering with the miraculous, the supernatural, is like to end in mistake, disease, catastrophe.

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Björnson's ultimate theories of life he summed up in his two last long novels, "In God's Ways" and "The Heritage of the Kurts." "In God's Ways" begins with two boys in a typical fishing town on the Norwegian coast. Their talks, their games, their persecutions at school, are drawn to the life. Edward is an ordinary boy of alert mind not above meanness. Ole Tuft is a pious boy from the beginning; he reads the Bible to the poor, attends the sick and cherishes a secret plan which he hesitates to confide to Edward. "Surely it is not wicked?" asks Edward, with the normal outlook of a boy.

"No, it is not wicked," replies Ole. "It is rather something very grand, very grand and great. . . . In reality the grandest thing in the world. . . . I am going to be a missionary."

In this first chapter the two boys are set before us perfectly alive, with their whole fate implicit there. Edward, when Ole speaks of preparing for his coming grandeur, asks in good faith, "For the wild beasts and poisonous snakes?" But Ole is thinking of binding souls to a creed.

The latter parts of the book deal with the youth and manhood of these two boys. Ole Tuft marries Edward's rich sister and settles down into a rather fat, narrow-minded parson. He pays the price of success, for he is an eloquent preacher with an indolent body and a fettered mind. Edward studies natural science and becomes a famous surgeon. He falls in love with a lovely musician, Ragne, who is unhappily married to her deceased sister's husband. In this case Björnson leaves us in no doubt at all as to why and how Ragne is unhappy. Edward determines to free her from her misery and degradation. She is hopeless, faint-hearted, timid. He boldly schemes to ship her—once more to the ultimate haven—to America; in this case it is to Madison, Wisconsin,* to his friends, and when he has finished his studies and gotten his degree some years later he follows her. Just when and how he married her is untold, and the third part of the book opens with Edward's return with his wife to his native land to manage a sanitarium in the very town where his brother-in-law is pastor. To Ole Tuft, a divorced woman is a sinner.

* In Madison, Wisconsin, lived D. Rasmus B. Anderson who made the best English translations of Björnson's novels. It is one case where America may be proud of excelling England in craftsmanship. The books issued in England under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse are ill printed, inaccurate and unpardonably careless in style.

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His wife looked upon her as a questionable character and her jealousy was also aroused. The marriage comes upon them as a surprise and they are unprepared. Briefly Ragne, frail, tender, sensitive, is totally unfitted for this world and its inevitable hostilities. Even with all her husband's courage and tenderness she is unable to bear life and wilts, fades away and dies. Her husband, whose love for her is not one of the least beautiful things Björnson has depicted, is utterly heart-broken. Then the child of Ole Tuft and Edward's sister falls desperately ill. A dangerous operation is to be performed and no one can do it but Edward. His sister sends to beg him to come, and his fineness of character is well brought out in his prompt efficiency, the swiftness with which he sends to have the house made ready, the father and mother taken out of the way before he performs the operation. The child's life is saved and Edward departs as silently, as swiftly as he came. The sister is now bent upon reconciliation, but both she and her husband are refused admittance at Edward's door. She writes and begs forgiveness, and, without a word from her brother, receives in return the journal of Ragne kept in the last two years of her life, when the coldness, hostility and slanders of the community were slowly killing her. Then through many disasters some sort of peace is patched up, but the main thing is that Ole Tuft and his wife are converted to Edward's doctrine. Not a creed and a formula lead in "The Ways of God," but kindness and helpfulness, and Tuft comes to see, as most men do sooner or later, that neither the most hide-bound creed nor the utmost ingenuity of metaphysics can pardon the man who sows life with difficulties and suffering where he might have offered help and kindness.

"The Heritage of the Kurts," Björnson's last novel, is less perfect than "In God's Ways." He is handling a subject large and awkward, perhaps imperfectly assimilated, namely, heredity and our power to control it and the evils of a double standard of morals. There are times when the violent and vigorous inheritance of the Kurts, which he deals with for five or six generations, emerging in an enthusiastic and idealistic schoolmaster seems just a little funny. The schoolmaster founds a girls' school, and the parents are informed at the opening that the children are to be soundly instructed in all matters of physical morality, and that they are to be taught to exact from men precisely the same stand-

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ards they practise themselves. The effect of this teaching on a Norwegian seaport town furnishes quite sufficient incident for the two-volume novel. As a work of art it is undoubtedly a *succés manqué,* but it is none the less a noble piece of work and a valuable contribution to modern progressive thought.

Viewed as a whole, Björnson's work falls into two distinct periods. The early period of pastoral idyls, perfect in kind, finished works of art. The second period in which he flung himself soul and body into the struggles of modern life, sacrificed his art and gave every energy to moral and religious reform. It may be said of him without hesitation or withholding that wherever there was a question of greater and less nobility he stood, magnificently brave, upon the higher side. There may arise questions as to the enduring value of his art, but never as to the enduring value of the man himself.

"How are the mighty fallen!" In a few short months such clarion voices as Swinburne's, Meredith's, Björnson's are all silenced:

"The year has lost its spring,"

as the old lyrist sang. But so long as the energy, courage and bold-faced truthfulness of such men as these echo throughout the world, so long as new voices carry on their message, the human spirit is not without refreshment.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

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NATIONAL EUGENICS IN RELATION TO IMMIGRATION.*

BY ROBERT DE C. WARD.

"THE study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations either physically or mentally"—that is the definition of National Eugenics. To put it bluntly, eugenics has to do with breeding human beings for the betterment of the human race.

The word eugenics has become familiar within the last ten or a dozen years, chiefly through the writings of Sir Francis Galton, and of Professor Karl Pearson of the University of London. The thing itself, however, is not new, for there have been various efforts to improve the breeds of men from early times. The exposure of weakling children in the old days; the segregation of criminals and insane; suggestions looking towards regulating the marriage of those afflicted with hereditary diseases—these are all familiar indications of eugenic ideas. The Indiana law, which makes it impossible for habitual criminals and others to reproduce their kind, and the few State laws which require medical certificates before licenses to marry are issued, are good eugenic measures *if properly administered,* but it is clear that public opinion must be educated to a much higher degree before legislation will go far along any of these lines. Eugenics is both negative and positive. It includes the prevention of the unfit as well as the conscious attempt to produce the more fit. Darwin and his followers laid the foundations of the science of eugenics. They have shown us the methods and the possibilities of the pro-

* In this paper the writer has drawn freely upon the recent publications of the Francis Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics of the University of London and upon those of The Eugenics Education Society of London. The admirable work now being done in England along the lines of National Eugenics deserves far more attention than it has yet received in the United States.

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duction of new species of plants and animals. They have indicated the lines along which the eugenic idea of selection for parenthood must run. We have been applying this knowledge practically in improving our breeds of sheep and cattle, developing our race-horses, creating new and better kinds of grains and fruits. In fact, artificial selection has been applied to almost every living thing with which man has close relations except man himself. Why, we now ask, should the breeding of man, the most important animal of all, alone be left to chance?

We in the United States have a very special interest in national eugenics, for we are here forming a new race of an extraordinarily heterogeneous character, and we have a remarkably favorable opportunity for practising eugenic principles in the selection of the fathers and mothers of future American children through our power to regulate alien immigration. The United States, rather than England, should be the centre of eugenic propaganda. Yet so far our people are practically silent on this question. Most of the discussions of the immigration problem in the past have been concerned with its economic side. The question is, however, a racial, perhaps even more than an economic one. The days of a dominant Anglo-Saxon immigration are over, forever. From a little trickling rivulet, forty years ago, when it furnished less than one per cent. of our alien arrivals, southern and eastern European immigration has increased until it now numbers about seventy per cent. of the total. It has become a flood, and the flood is increasing. Asia is contributing more each year, and British India has begun to send its advance guard. Already we have not hundreds of thousands, but millions of Italians and Slavs and Jews whose blood is going into the new American race. There are those who believe that the Anglo-Saxon American will disappear as the American Indian and the American buffalo have disappeared, and they have some basis for their belief.

What kind of a race will this new one be, made up of such diverse elements that, as Professor William Z. Ripley says, "the most complex populations of Europe seem ethnically pure by contrast"? Truly, this is a "melting-pot" for all the nations and peoples of the world. Into it we have allowed Europe, and even Asia and Africa, to throw every sort of material, while we ourselves have been blissfully—shall we not rather say criminally?—

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careless as to what the final product is to be. Will the new American type be a superior or an inferior one? Who can say? Evidence is available on both sides of the question, and opposite views upon it are held by those authorities who have studied it. In the midst of disagreement among the scholars, what shall the layman do? One thing is clear: the results of biological study go to show that the crossing of types should not be carried too far, or be too extreme. In the light of the evidence which is available, it seems to the writer that the burden of proof is distinctly upon those who hold that the new American race will be a better, stronger, more intelligent race, and not a weak and possibly degenerate mongrel. The recent report of the Immigration Commission on the assimilation of immigrants shows that in New York "the American-born children of the long-headed Sicilians and those of the round-headed east European Hebrews have very nearly the same intermediate head form." In other words, there seems to be evidence of the production of a new type in this country. This is interesting, but we can hardly agree with "The Survey" in thinking that this "discovery is of profound significance and forms quite a new element in the discussion of assimilation of immigrants." From a eugenic standpoint the long-headedness or the short-headedness is not vital. The vital question is this: Is the new type physically and mentally better than the old? For the sake of argument, let us admit that a mixture of race stocks, such as is going on in this country, is desirable. Is it not apparent that the individuals who are to be the progenitors of the mixed stock should at least be as good, mentally and physically, as the average of those already here if there is not to be a gradual degeneration of our people? In other words, is not careful selection of our immigrants of extreme importance?

A question which naturally arises at this point is this: Does the older, or "native," stock tend to keep its original dominant position by a high birth-rate? President Eliot did much to set people thinking on this question when he showed, in his annual report for 1901 and 1902, that of the graduates of seven Harvard classes in the 1870's twenty-eight per cent. are unmarried, and those who are married average only two surviving children. Since then other investigations along similar lines have shown that the native population is failing to hold its own; it is dying out because of its low birth-rate. Two children will not keep a

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family from dying out, nor will three. Statistics have shown that in the average four children are necessary if the family is to continue. Of the four, two either die before they are married or never marry, or, if they do marry, have no children. The remaining two are thus left to hand on the family name. Among the families of our newest immigrants, on the other hand, children are born with reckless regularity. It is true that the birth-rates of many of our older immigrants are falling somewhat, as is the case with the Germans and the Irish, and as seems to be happening with other more recent immigrants who are congested in the cities. But even if the second and later generations of immigrants do show a falling birth-rate, the influx of new aliens continues, and the Anglo-Saxon portion of the race is therefore becoming more and more submerged. The question before us is a race question. It is a question of what kind of babies shall be born.

This falling birth-rate in the United States is no peculiarity of our own people. A low and falling birth-rate is a world-wide phenomenon. In Great Britain, for example, the birth-rate fell from thirty-six per thousand in 1876 to twenty-seven per thousand in 1907. But the most serious thing is that the fall is not the same in all classes. If the lowest stratum of society in England had been affected equally with the higher the twenty-seven per thousand would have been still further reduced. Society is recruiting itself from below. The eugenically less valuable portion of the community is furnishing a disproportionately large share of the next generation. A selective birth-rate has been established which is tending towards a degeneration of the stock. But clearly, if the race is to progress, the fitter part of the population should be the most fertile. Small wonder that the eugenists cry out: "The choice for Western civilization will ere long be the final one between eugenics or extinction. . . ." Advancing civilization has brought about a more and more artificial death-rate by prolonging the life of thousands of unfit persons who in old days would have died without reproducing their kind. To-day many of these not only live, but marry and have children. It has, therefore, become of the highest importance to have a selective birth-rate, selective according to eugenic standards, if the race is to progress.

It has been one of the common arguments in favor of an arti-

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ficially restricted birth-rate that the chances of the children are better if the number of these children be small; that these children, one or two in number, will not only have better educational and social opportunities, but that they will be physically and mentally better equipped. Quality, not quantity, is the cry. What are the facts of eugenics? They are these: that the first-born members of a family are more liable to insanity, to tuberculosis, to criminality, to mental defects; they are more nervous and have less stable constitutions. Therefore, if we reduce the size of our families we tend to decrease the relative proportion of the mentally and physically sound in our community; we are working against the teachings of eugenics; we are bringing into the world the weaker, not the stronger.

What is the relation between this aspect of eugenics and immigration to the United States? Is it not plain? A falling birth-rate in countries where the population is homogeneous is far less serious than in our own. In the United States the low and falling birth-rate is principally confined to the Anglo-Saxon element, and the tendency to multiply more rapidly is found among the less intelligent, the most recent immigrants. This clearly operates to bring about a tremendously rapid change in the race.

Most of us have met these questions of our falling birth-rate, and of the production of a new race in our country, with the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." We have said: "After all, it is a question of the 'survival of the fittest,' and if we are not the fittest we must, of course, go under." This whole belief is based upon an erroneous conception of the meaning of the "survival of the fittest." What Spencer and what Darwin really meant was the survival not of the "best," but of those most fitted to survive. These are not necessarily most fitted for any other purpose than mere survival. As Dr. C. W. Saleeby has clearly expressed it:

"A thing that is fit is a thing that 'fits.' A living creature survives in proportion as it fits its environment. . . . The kind of microbe that best fits into the environment provided by, say, human blood is the fittest and will survive, and be the cause of our commonest disease. Thus the tubercle bacillus is at once the 'fittest' microbe, and not the best, but the worst. In a society of blackguardism the biggest blackguard is the fittest man and will survive; he is also the worst. . . . The capacity to fit into an environment is the capacity that determines

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survival; it has no moral connotation whatever. . . . The eugenic ideal, the ideal of race culture, is to insure that the fittest shall be the best."

Professor Pearson has pointed out that the "survival of the fittest" practically means the survival of the most fertile. It is a marked characteristic of modern city life, as Heron has shown, that those least fitted, mentally and morally, survive. The "survival of the fittest," therefore, often means racial degeneration.

We have been relying almost altogether upon environment, educational, religious, social, to bring about the assimilation and the racial improvement of all these millions of aliens in our country. We have felt that our public schools, our parks, our playgrounds, our settlement work—all these will solve the problem of assimilation; will amalgamate these heterogeneous elements into one consistent whole; will make the new American race a better one than any the world has ever seen. Just here, again, we strike a very important point of contact between our immigration problem and the teachings of eugenics. It is true that there is as yet comparatively little evidence available, but so far as it goes it shows that it is far more advantageous to improve the condition of the race through parentage than through change of environment. Education, environment, hygiene, can modify and develop; they cannot create. The philanthropist looks to these means to preserve the race. "It is the easy path," the eugenists tell us, "but it cannot achieve the desired result. . . . There is no hope of racial purification in any environment which does not mean selection of the germ." We cannot, *a priori,* assume that nurture has more weight than nature. To use an illustration given by Professor Pearson, finding a "fitter" child, mentally and physically, in a cleaner and less crowded home suggests at once that it is the home which made the fitness. Yet it may have been that the mentally and physically fit parents, who made such a home possible, are the real reason for the fitness of the child. Finding a weakling child, whose father is a sweat-shop tailor, we say: "The father's unhealthy occupation is responsible for the weakling child." Yet the father was probably physically so degenerate that he could not follow any occupation except that of a tailor, and the poor physique of his offspring undoubtedly resulted from his own poor physique. It is a general rule that weaklings resort to the less desirable occupations; hence it follows that the offspring of parents in such occupations are likely

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to be weaklings also. We must beware of letting our natural prejudices distort our judgment in such matters.

We speak of education as if that alone could eradicate most, even all, of the evils which result from heredity. We point with satisfaction to the brilliant work done in our public schools by the foreign-born children, who six months ago knew no English and now stand at the head of their classes, and devour Shakspere, Scott and Macaulay until far into the night. But is it not clear that education can educate only what heredity gives? Havelock Ellis has said: "It matters comparatively little what sort of education we give children; the primary matter is what sort of children we have got to educate." And Pearson has emphatically stated that "no scheme of wider or more thorough education will bring up, in the scale of intelligence, hereditary weakness to the level of hereditary strength."

Are we arguing against education or against improving the environment? By no means. But we are trying to point out that we are pinning our faith in a general racial improvement upon the less effective method. An inheritance of acquired characters is not demonstrable. Environment does modify the bodily characters of the present generation—we all know that—but it does not modify the germ plasms from which the next generation is produced. . . . It may give the good germ plasm a better chance, but it does not kill off the bad germ plasm. . . . At most, environment can provide a selection of which germ plasms among the many present shall be potential and which shall remain latent. It is largely because environment is so obvious, and because its modification is comparatively easy, that we seek in that the improvement of the race. But breeders of race-horses do not expect to produce winners by improving their stables, or by changing the quality of the oats, or by training or exercising poor, non-racing stock. They select the stock. It is race, not environment, which is with them the fundamental consideration. Biology has taught us that far more can be done in a few generations by selecting the stock than can be accomplished in ages by trying to modify the stock through environment.

It is, however, unprofitable to discuss heredity and environment as if these two factors were necessarily opposed to one another, or to try to determine the relative value of each in such a very general view of the subject as our present one. We are

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simply trying to indicate the difficulties in the situation, and to call attention to the fact that heredity and not environment alone, and heredity far more than environment, must be taken into account in all efforts towards racial improvement. Environment in relation to heredity may sometimes be likened to the trigger, which makes the gun go off. The cartridge is there, good or bad, already. Environment may tend to develop tendencies which are harmful to the community, or those which are beneficial. It is our business to see to it that we create such an environment that, if possible, only the good tendencies shall develop. We are to-day penalizing fit parentage by making it possible, even easy, for unfit parents to obtain provision, in asylums and hospitals and institutions of all kinds, for any number of diseased and degenerate children whom they please to bring into the world. Fit parents, who are responsible, steady workers, supporting their own children, are at a disadvantage.

We have noted some of the main points of contact between our problem of alien immigration and the science of national eugenics. How far do our present immigration laws enable us to keep out those who are physically, mentally and morally undesirable for parenthood; whose coming here will tend to produce an inferior rather than a superior American race; who are eugenically unfit for race culture? We in the United States have an opportunity which is unique in history for the practice of eugenic principles. Our country was founded and developed by picked men and women. And to-day, by selecting our immigrants through proper immigration legislation, we have the power to pick out the best specimens of each race to be the parents of our future citizens. But we have left the choice almost altogether to the selfish interests which do not care whether we want the immigrants they bring, or whether the immigrants will be the better for coming. Steamship agents and brokers all over Europe and western Asia are to-day deciding for us the character of the American race of the future.

It is no argument against practising eugenic ideas in the selection of our alien immigrants to say that our New England country towns are full of hopelessly degenerate native Americans who are inferior, mentally, morally and physically, to the "sturdy peasants of Europe." It will not help to reduce the number of our native degenerates if we admit alien degenerates. National

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eugenics means the prevention of the breeding of the unfit native, no less than the prevention of the admission, and of the breeding after admission, of the unfit alien.

Should we not exercise the same care in admitting human beings as we exercise in relation to animals or insect pests or disease germs? Yet it is true that we have actually been taking more care in the selection, and in the examination for soundness and for health, of a Hereford bull or a Southdown ewe, imported for the improvement of our cattle and sheep, than we have taken in the selection of the alien men and women who are coming here to be the fathers and mothers of future American children. We do not hesitate to prohibit the importation of cattle from a foreign country where the foot and mouth disease is prevalent. It is only in very extreme cases that we have ever taken such a step in the case of the importation of aliens, yet there are certain parts of Europe from which it would be better for the American race if no aliens at all were admitted. Our present laws are intended to exclude some twenty or more classes of mentally, physically, morally and economically undesirable aliens. The list is formidable and seems abundantly sufficient to accomplish adequate eugenic selection. But careful and unprejudiced students of immigration agree that these laws do not keep out the unfit so as to preserve the *status quo,* and certainly do not promote eugenic improvement. We already have an army of not less than 150,000 feeble-minded in the United States, of whom only a very small percentage are in institutions, the rest being free to propagate their kind. And of those in institutions the large proportion are there only temporarily, being at liberty for much of the time during their reproductive period. Further, there are over 150,000 insane in the institutions of this country, and of these many have already left offspring to perpetuate their insanity. In spite of these appalling facts, appalling from the standpoint of mere sentiment and of mere philanthropy, doubly appalling from the standpoint of eugenics, we have been admitting alien insane, and alien imbeciles, and alien epileptics, and alien habitual criminals, partly because of a lax enforcement of the law under past administrations, partly because the law is incapable, under existing conditions, of effective enforcement. Parenthood on the part of the insane, the imbecile, the feeble-minded, the hereditary criminal, and those afflicted with hereditary disease, is a crime against

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the future. To admit such persons into this country is no less a crime against the future.

The ideal selection of our immigrants, from the eugenic point of view, would be possible only if we could have a fairly complete family history, running back a few generations, showing the hereditary tendencies of each alien. The results of eugenic investigation already reached have given us enough definite knowledge to enable us to exclude, if we had these pedigrees, the larger number of aliens who would themselves be undesirable, or would have defective or delinquent offspring. This ideal selection is obviously impossible to carry out.

The next best plan, which has the advantage of being feasible, although it would require legislation and considerable expenditure of public money (yet would not almost any expenditure, even on a huge scale, be a wise national policy in so important a matter?) would be to insist that each alien, on landing here, should undergo a very thorough mental and physical examination at the hands of our Public Health and Marine Hospital Service surgeons. These examinations would involve a stripping to the skin of each alien; the usual physical and mental examination; tests for syphilis and similar precautions. Is this too much to demand when the welfare of a whole new race is concerned? The eugenist is ready with his answer; he says, emphatically, No. We certainly ought to begin at once to segregate, far more than we now do, all our native and foreign-born population which is unfit for parenthood. They must be prevented from breeding. But the biggest, the most effective, the most immediate way in which we can further national eugenics is at the ports where this year over half a million alien immigrants will land. Our immigration officials are doing all in their power, under existing conditions, to select our immigrants. Our surgeons are doing a wonderful work, under tremendous disadvantages, in trying to detect the physical and mental disabilities which by law debar the aliens who have them. But it is nothing short of a crime to admit people, as often happens in a rush season, at the rate of 3,000, 4,000 or 5,000 in one day. On April 11th last, according to press reports, 7,931 aliens were landed at Ellis Island. We ought to limit the number of aliens who shall be landed in one day to a certain maximum which could reasonably well be carefully examined. We have a perfect right to do that, just as we have a perfect right to prohibit

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immigration entirely. The steamship companies, the foreign societies, and others interested in one way or another in foreign immigration, would vigorously object. But those who are seriously and unselfishly concerned for the future of this race would welcome such a move. We ought to increase the number of the surgeons detailed for the most important duty of inspecting arriving aliens. We might have to enlarge the accommodations at our immigration stations. But can there be anything more vital than this if we are to do our duty to the unborn Americans of future generations?

We can go a long way towards accomplishing our object if we increase the fines which the steamship companies now pay when they bring over an alien who is found, on our own examination here, to be an idiot, imbecile, epileptic, or suffering from a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease which could have been detected at the port of departure. The fine is now only one hundred dollars. The steamship companies pay little attention to the provision. They run their chances of having such aliens detected on landing, and in some cases have been known to insure themselves against possible loss by obliging the alien to deposit one hundred dollars when he buys his ticket. If we increased this fine to, say, one thousand dollars, the steamship companies would themselves, without expense to us, make a much more thorough examination abroad before sailing, and if we made our own medical examinations here less hurriedly and more carefully we should soon accomplish much of the desired result.

In addition to the steps which we should take at once to accomplish the more effective exclusion of the insane, imbecile, idiot, tuberculous, those afflicted with loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases, etc., we ought to amend our immigration laws so that it will be possible to exclude more aliens of such low vitality and poor physique that they are eugenically undesirable for parenthood. The law of 1907 excludes persons "who are found to be and are certified by the examining surgeon as being mentally or physically defective, such mental or physical defect being of a nature which may affect the ability of such alien to earn a living." This clause has been found to be rather ineffective, partly because it was for a time taken to be an economic rather than a physical test, and partly because of other provisions in the Act which largely nullify this section. From a eugenic

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standpoint good physique is of fundamental importance. It is a great satisfaction to see that in his last annual report the Commissioner-General of Immigration suggests consideration of the possible exclusion of male aliens who do not come up to the physical standard set by the recruiting service of the United States army. Congressman Elvins, of Missouri, has introduced into the House of Representatives a bill (H. R. 21584) in which he proposes to amend our immigration laws in that direction. This is an excellent eugenic measure.

To go further with the intricacies of legislation is impossible within the limits of this paper. Inadequate laws, difficulties of proper enforcement, unsympathetic and in some cases hostile officials, the steady opposition of foreign steamship companies, of foreign societies in our midst and of foreign newspapers published in the United States—these are a few among the many factors which have brought about the unfortunate condition in which we have found ourselves in regard to the proper selection of our alien immigrants. It is a great satisfaction to know that under the present Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Hon. Charles Nagel, and under Hon. William Williams, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, the principal landing-place of the vast majority of our immigrants, the administration of our immigration laws has been brought to a very high standard of efficiency. There has never been a time, in the history of our immigration service, when the law has been enforced so justly, so humanely, so impartially.

Let us see to it that the breeding of the human race in this country receives the attention which it so surely deserves. Let us see to it that our immigration laws are always properly enforced, and are amended along lines which shall give us the best stock which other countries can send us. Let us see to it that we are protected, not merely from the burden of supporting alien dependents, delinquents and defectives, but from what George William Curtis called that "watering of the nation's life-blood" which results from their breeding after admission.

Professor Karl Pearson has well said: "You cannot change the leopard's spots, and you cannot change bad stock to good; you may dilute it, possibly spread it over a wide area, spoiling good stock, but until it ceases to multiply it will not cease to be."

ROBERT DE C. WARD.

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CHARITY AND SOCIAL JUSTICE.*

BY JANE ADDAMS.

In an attempt to review the recent trend in the development of charity, that which appears most striking is a gradual coming together of two groups of people who have too often been given to a suspicion of each other and sometimes to actual vituperation. One group, who have traditionally been moved to action by "pity for the poor," we call the Charitable; the other, larger or smaller in each generation, but always fired by a "hatred of injustice," we designate as the Radicals.

These two groups, as the result of a growing awareness of distress and of a slowly deepening perception of its causes, are at last uniting into an effective demand for juster social conditions. The Charitable have been brought to this combination through the conviction that the poverty and crime with which they constantly deal are often the result of untoward industrial conditions, while the Radicals have been slowly forced to the conclusion that if they would make an effective appeal to public opinion they must utilize carefully collected data as to the conditions of the poor and criminal.

It is as if the Charitable had been brought through the care of the individual to a contemplation of social causes, and as if the Radical had been forced to test his social doctrine by a sympathetic observation of actual people.

In addition to this, both groups when brought close to that mysterious shortcoming on the part of life itself, when oppressed by that "grief of things as they are" over and above the twist of circumstance or wrongs of man's own doing, have come to realize that "what we need in the world over against man's misadventure is a certain power of compassion, humanity

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standing a force of self-pity as an elementary ingredient in our social atmosphere, if we are to live in it at all."

Sheer experience in the complexity of life has at last united both groups in sentiment as well as in conviction.

It is not possible in one article to trace the steps by which the Radicals and the Charitable have met half-way, but we may undertake to demonstrate that those who have been brought close to suffering, feebleness, and wrong-doing are but fulfilling a paramount obligation when they take up the study of social conditions, and that the obligation to trace poverty back to its immediate or contributing sources belongs foremost and professionally to those whose business it is to care for the wounded in the unequal battles of modern industry.

After all, human progress is deeply indebted to a study of imperfections, and the counsels of despair, if not full of seasoned wisdom, are at least fertile in suggestion and a desperate spur to action. Moreover, in its unending undertaking to reduce the sum of human misery, charity has shared the changes of the passing generations until, like all of its contemporaries, it too has become less dogmatic and has assumed the evolutionary way of understanding life; with them it has grown more democratic and has attained greater flexibility of temper. Moreover, modern charity, continually discovering new obligations, has been obliged to call to its aid economics, sanitary science, statistical research, and many other modern agencies. It has, therefore, through dire need, been forced to recognize that charitable effort is part of the general social movement; somewhat as John Stuart Mill, when he was hard pressed by the problems of life, restored political economy to its proper place as a branch of social philosophy, insisting that it was not a thing by itself, but was an important part of the great whole.

As gradual changes in charitable methods have irresistibly led from Cure to Prevention, so they are now leading in the same gradual but unresting manner from Prevention to a consideration of Vital Welfare. The negative policy of relieving destitution, or even the more generous one of preventing it, is giving way to the positive idea of raising life to its highest value.

If at times the moral fire seems to be dying out of the good old words Relief and Charity, it has undoubtedly filled with a new warmth certain words which belong distinctively to our own

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times; such words as Prevention, Amelioration, and Social Justice. It is also true that those for whom these words contain most of hope and warmth are those who have been long mindful of the old tasks and obligations as if the great basic emotion of Human Compassion had more than held its own. After all, sympathetic knowledge is the only way of approach to any human problem, and the line of least resistance into the jungle of human wretchedness must always be through that region which is most thoroughly explored, not only by the information of the statistician, but by sympathetic understanding.

We may demonstrate that modern Charity is committed to this newer service of increasing the positive value of life, by recalling some of the many agencies designed to safeguard and enhance the life of the citizen which have had purely philanthropic origins.

To begin with the most important: How far have the Philanthropists contributed to the formation of the modern State, not because they would stifle their own personal sentiments of pity and justice, but because they realized how inadequate these were unless they could find expression as an integral branch of corporate government. Through a century, therefore, in anticipation of coming changes which does so much to bring changes about, the Philanthropists have been steadily engaged in making a new State. We may concretely illustrate this process of State-making by a hundred year effort in England to protect chimney-sweeps, certainly a modest undertaking. "The Society for Superseding the Work of Climbing Boys" was founded in 1803 by some kind-hearted people whose names have not been preserved. They first offered a prize of two hundred pounds for the best-sweeping machine which should obviate the necessity for boys. Secondly, they promoted a bill to protect the boys, but although it passed the House of Commons, it was rejected by the Lords, possibly not because the Lords were more hard-hearted, but because the chimneys in the old mansions and manor houses were hopelessly crooked and could not be swept by machinery. Thirdly, they appointed their own private inspectors to watch the conduct of the master-sweepers, and maintained these inspectors for seventy years. They also purchased sweeping-machines and rented them to small masters for one shilling sixpence a week. They continually badgered the insurance companies to demand the use of these machines; finally, in

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1875, they succeeded in passing a law of regulation and safeguard for their grimy little protegés.

We have here an epitome of the most advanced philanthropy, stimulation of inventions which shall relieve the poor from degrading drudgery, co-operation with commercial enterprises, and finally protective legislation. But these obscure people whose hearts were wrung over the condition of chimney-sweeps did even better than that. They were pioneers in the establishment of the modern principle of inspection, which when taken over by the government as an extension of the function of the State, is ably defended by the economist, but which was after all inaugurated by the Philanthropist. May we not credit to their initiative this most valuable instrument of the State?

During this long century as the Philanthropist endeavored to transform his pity into political action, he learned the use of two other great implements, first of popular agitation, second of statistical information. The first came about because the politicians would yield only under the pressure of public opinion, and there is no doubt that the vehemence of the reformer is a very important factor in his chances for success. The reforms which the Philanthropist advocated were legitimately open to the emotional appeal to the higher sensibilities of the public, and he became an adept in the use of agitation for moral propaganda.

Furthermore, from the necessity of thus giving expression to his sympathy with the distressed, the Philanthropist did much to strengthen the sympathy itself, to create that social sympathy which is one of the greatest of social forces.

But the Philanthropist also found that when he actually appeared before a Parliament or Legislature he was obliged to wield the weapon of statistics if only that he might appear as a man of science and not as a sentimentalist. Although the Philanthropist has often spoken slightingly of "mere knowledge" which informs the mind without resulting in action, he knows in his heart that knowledge is never "mere knowledge," and that it is indispensable to right conduct. The great problem of the would-be reformer is not so much the overcoming of actual opposition—the passing of time gradually does that for him—as the obtaining and formulating of accurate knowledge and fitting this knowledge into the trend of his time.

The century between the first demand upon Parliament for

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the protection of children, made in 1803, to the carefully prepared report of the Royal Poor Law Commission in 1909, equipped the Philanthropist with at least these three carefully tempered tools invented and perfected through a hundred years; public inspection, moral propaganda, and statistical information. With these tools he laid the foundation for a code of social legislation. During this long century the Philanthropists also worked out a philosophy resembling Pragmatism. At least many of them came to believe that the concrete truth for them was that in which all their "experiences most profitably combined," and agreed that the final test was its "propitious reaction" upon the poor, the relief it brought to the most wretched members of the community.

In the discussion of the current experience of the charitable who deal day by day with the wounded, constantly growing less fit because their standard of life is so lamentably low, we may well begin with the widow and fatherless, the scriptural and traditional objects of Charity.

If we view them in the light of our more mellow philosophy, what do we see? A woman whose wages are fixed on the basis of individual subsistence, who is quite unable to earn a family wage, is still held by a legal obligation to support her children, with a desperate penalty of forfeiture if she fails. To refuse relief to the mother of dependent children in order to compel her to support them is, therefore, manifestly absurd; to grant her relief not in support of her economic insecurity, but merely in aid of her destitution, is an unending process. We can all recall at least one of these desperate mothers, over-worked and harried through a long day, prolonged by the family washing and cooking into the evening, followed by a night of foreboding and misgiving because the very children for whom her life is sacrificed are slowly slipping away from her control and affection.

I remember a very intelligent woman who long brought her children to the Hull House Day Nursery with this result at the end of ten years of devotion: the one little girl is almost totally deaf, owing to neglect following a case of measles because her mother could not stop work in order to care for her; the youngest boy has lost a leg flipping cars; the oldest boy has twice been arrested for petty larceny; the twin boys in spite of prolonged

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sojourns in the parental school, have been such habitual truants, that their natural intelligence has secured little aid from education. Of the five children three are now in semi-penal institutions, not because their mother was either neglectful or unintelligent, but because she could not perform the offices of two parents.

In spite of my acquaintance with these over-worked mothers, I found myself quite unprepared to believe the well-substantiated story which was recently brought to the attention of a district office of the Chicago Associated Charities. A widow with three little children lived in a furnished room on the top floor of a cheap lodging-house. Every morning after she had put out the fire for fear of accident, and told the children to get into bed if they were cold, she locked the door and went to her scrubbing of a large down-town theatre, for which she received sixteen dollars a month. Because her fellow lodgers complained that the children cried all day, and beat upon the door with their fists, crying, "Let me out," the landlady said that the mother must move. She tried in vain to find another room equally cheap, and at last, quite crazed by worry and anxiety, made up her mind that she must dispose of her children. One morning she moved the bed to the window, opened the lower sash, and told the children that if they would climb up on the bed after she had gone and look out they would see something very pretty on the street below. She then locked the door and went away as usual. The children of course climbed upon the bed and leaned out of the window, but were fortunately seen by a neighbor, who motioned them back until the door could be broken open by the landlady. Had the over-worked woman taken her own life, the State would have cared for her children either by the most approved method of boarding them out, or in institutions for dependent children. Would it, therefore, seem so unreasonable to board them with their own mother, requiring a standard of nutrition and school attendance at least up to that "national standard of nurture" which the more advanced European governments are establishing? The beginnings already made in this direction are all due to voluntary charitable effort, but with the knowledge charitable people possess, why do they not sternly accuse the State both with the loss of the mother and with the many consequences of imperfectly nourished and

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uneducated childhood? The result of neglect upon these children is obvious from many points of view, but if we consider it only from the narrow standpoint of that most fruitful source of destitution, unemployment, we may instance the most explicit figures of the many boys who have graduated into the condition of the unemployable directly from adolescence because they had come into the labor market with defective nutrition and faulty discipline. The administrators of charity upon whom this yearly burden is thrown are at last declaring that they will no longer endure this premature exploiting of the undernourished and uneducated; they are demanding that public education shall bring forth better fruit, and it is hoped that their concerted action may bring about prolonged industrial education and avocation bureaus.

We recall that the first free public education in England was established by the Poor Law Guardians because they resolved that children should no longer be subject to that curious penal discipline which characterized the "Unions," and they therefore segregated the children altogether from the poorhouses into district schools. The British Board Schools have suffered from this humble beginning, but the indications are that the next great advance in English education will also be indebted to a charitable source. The latest report of the Poor Law Commission, without apology for entering the field of education, recommends that "the legally permissible hours for the employment of boys must be shortened, that they must be required to spend the hours so set free, in physical and technological training, that the manufacturing of the unemployable may cease." This same report of a Charity Commission recommends that the girls be subjected to a drastic and long-enduring course of training in domestic economy and the care of children, and when we reflect upon the number of heart-breaking cases of ill health and criminality apparently due to the ignorance of a mother this recommendation seems absolutely germane to the purpose for which the Commission was appointed.

How far this demand upon education made by the charitable will in the end commit us to the feeding of school children, and to adequate provisions for the recreation of the adolescent each community must decide for itself, largely upon the data presented to it by its charitable people. It is significant that the

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immediate results of the assumption by the London Education authority of its new duties of feeding and medically inspecting the children of school age, was the call by the London County Council for seven thousand volunteers to fill its Children's Care Committees. The aldermen asked for volunteers who had had experience in charitable agencies such as country boarding-fund committees, apprenticeship committees, school of mothers' committees, and so on indefinitely. The State in the administration of this advanced measure was absolutely dependent upon the charitable folk of London.

We may expect valuable educational results if we consciously and systematically undertake to do that which has for so long a time been going on almost surreptitiously, for although the public schools in America are quite free from the odor of charity, and were inaugurated and conducted as a matter of public policy, they are greatly indebted to the educational results obtained from the care of defective and subnormal children. Certainly the training of the brain through the co-ordinating muscles was first painstakingly worked out by those dealing with children whose minds could not be approached through the more conventional methods of education. At the present moment the best agricultural training given to boys as well as the most thorough trade instruction is to be found in institutions for the wayward, from the well-tilled garden patches in the truant schools to the elaborately equipped machine-shops in the State Reformatories. It is not true that the purely doctrinaire beginning of the American public schools places them in constant danger of becoming remote from the actual lives of the children, and that they are greatly in need of the illumination and help of those who know the boys and girls as they live in their uncomfortable homes and see them in their unguided desperate efforts to find work.

When we consider the many things undertaken in the name of "Health and Sanitation," the argument becomes easy, for public health is a magic word which ever grows more potent as we realize that the very existence of the modern city would be an impossibility, had it not been discovered that the health of the individual is dependent upon the hygienic condition of his surroundings.

But quite as the first Commission to inquire into the condi-

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tion of great towns was appointed through the solicitation of the philanthropic folk of Manchester in 1844, and as sanitary science, both in knowledge and municipal authority, has leaped forward under pressure of epidemics raging through the poorer quarters of crowded cities, so the advocate of the most advanced measures in city hygiene and preventive sanitary science are those who have realized that neglected childhood and neglected disease are the most potent causes of social insufficiency. In proof of this we may instance the two new departments at present being urged upon the Congress of the United States, a Department of Health and the Children's Bureau. In the hearings before the committees in regard to both of these new departments the Philanthropists have been in the majority.

Many illustrations are possible of social advances due to sanitary science pushed by the charitable, but for our purpose nothing illustrates this more rapidly and graphically than the changes arising from the movement to control and eradicate tuberculosis. We can quite honestly instance the demand for a more generous feeding of the healthful members of the family which is arising from the proper feeding of the tuberculosis patient; better tenements for the entire population which will doubtless result from those tenements of no dark rooms, no hallways, which have been built for incipient cases of tuberculosis; we may also claim that more rest and leisure for all will follow the demand which is made for it on behalf of the tuberculosis patient. This latter will quickly bring us back to the social movement itself, for the effort to adjust a man's work to his powers is largely at the base of the entire labor struggle. Not the least of the results from the tuberculosis campaign may be instanced the advance in social advertising which the tuberculosis people have taught us all. A recent exhibition in Boston showed an incandescent lamp which flickered into darkness twice a minute to illustrate the rate of deaths from tuberculosis in the world, but near by the knife of a miniature guillotine fell every ten seconds to show the rate of industrial accidents in the United States. And there is no doubt that the second dramatization would have been impossible without the suggestion of the first and the wonderful methods of popular instruction which the destroyers of the "white plague" have evolved.

Have the body of charitable men and women done what they

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ought to eradicate dark tenements, unclean milk, disease-breeding food, and many another evil to which the attention of the sanitary engineer needs be perpetually directed if the health of the poor is to be preserved and their children kept alive? What might they not do if they properly bestirred themselves at this moment of human conservation and city planning? They could overwhelm every city government in the land with verified knowledge which exactly fits in with the trend of the times, and they could also make new demands upon every institution which is now under State supervision and administration to supply the requisite data to the State Legislatures. We may use in illustration that venerable and primitive obligation of the State to care for its paupers, to see to it that no member of the community shall actually perish through lack of shelter or food. The report I have so often quoted declares that in England the State performs this duty in such wise that many destitute men prefer extreme exposure and semi-starvation to the shelter and food within the Unions. This fearless minority advance this proposition, that the State "which does not welcome the entrance of a destitute person into a poorhouse as gladly as an isolation hospital welcomes a smallpox patient, which does not in fact search out destitution as the local health authorities search out infectious diseases," is derelict in the performance of its most obvious duty.

What happens when the institutions avoid the obligations for which they were founded, when they pride themselves on keeping people out? On the streets of Chicago there appears from time to time a poor half-witted woman named Agnes, who is not considered sufficiently imbecile for restraint, although she is quite unable to name the fathers of her six children who have been born at various times in the County Infirmary, as the official records show. Various complaints are registered against her, and she is occasionally arrested for vagrancy, although nothing effective can be done for her under that charge. It is not only true that the institutions which neglect her are obliged to care for her children, but they lose that advance which would inevitably result from a vigorous performance of their duty. It is as if institutions as well as men forget the pit whence they were digged and fail to profit by their past. That most beneficent of institutions, the modern

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hospital, had its origin in the Eighteenth Century Pest House which must have killed more people than it cured. But the very number of sick people which in itself was a great menace of the early pest house became the surest foundation for the scientific study and the asceptic cleanliness which are the hospital's great contributions to society.

To illustrate further from the hospitals for the insane: the most valuable data might be supplied from those vast institutions wherein the wrecks of the system are gathered, did they not unfortunately still reflect something of the dread and discipline of the patients upon which they were founded. In this period of intense and over-wrought industrialism there are no other institutions which could perform so great a service to the community, if they could only determine how many patients became insane because of black terror lest they lose their work, how many through malnutrition when they had lost it, how many because of the sheer monotony of their employment, and how many through lack of adaptation to new industrial conditions. Psychiatry is doing something to show us the after-effects of fear upon the minds of children, but little has yet been done to show how far that fear of the future, arising from economic insecurity, has superinduced insanity. I recall a Bohemian who borrowed a hundred dollars from a countrywoman in Chicago with which to bring his family to America. Partly through lack of work and partly through many attacks of rheumatic fever he was unable to pay his debt in the time specified. His creditor persistently threatened to arrest him and throw him into prison. This impending fate so preyed upon his mind that after weeks of sleeplessness he became insane and was committed to the County Hospital. His case was declared hopeless, but when his creditor was frightened into a withdrawal of her threats, and when she made a reassuring visit to the patient in the hospital, he began to mend, and now, five years later, he is not only free from debt, but has almost completed the payment upon a house and lot of his own. A young Russian coming to Chicago in the hope of obtaining the freedom and self-development denied him at home, after three months of bitter disillusionment, the result of no work and insufficient food, was sent to the County Hospital for the insane. A little group of his young countrymen startled by this revela-

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tion of his destitution, devotedly went to see him each week with promises of work and companionship, and he made a speedy recovery. Doubtless the hospital care, the rest and food, were the basis of recovery in both cases, but was not reassurance and the removal of dread also a factor in the cure of that type of disordered mind which the alienists define as "due to conflict through poor adaptation?" The official records apparently tell us little by which such a connection can be made, but a fine beginning in this line of research through the instrument of human sympathy, has been made by the National Committee of Mental Hygiene as well as by the Psychiatric Institutes of New York and Michigan. As scientific "Child Study" was founded by the educators of the feeble-minded, might we not hope from this carefully accumulated data not only to achieve a more humanitarian care of the insane, but so to modify our daily occupations that insanity may be reduced?

Such an undertaking would bring the Charitable into direct connection with that daily increasing function of the State by which it seeks to protect its workers from their own weakness and degradation, and insists that the livelihood of the manual laborer shall not be beaten down below the level of efficient citizenship. This undertaking of the State assumes new forms almost daily. What have the charitable people contributed to the movement for State control over industrial diseases or the protection of machinery? What have they done to secure old-age pensions, industrial insurance, employer's liability act, the regulation of the hours of labor, the control of the sweated trades, the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants? Perhaps the charity of the past may have claimed a share only in the last two, but certainly contemporaneous charity is taking a leading part in the establishment of the various safeguards against premature disablement and dependence of the worker. It is perhaps significant that the most drastic survey of industrial conditions ever made in America was inaugurated and carried out by the editors of a paper called "Charities."

From the human as well as from the economic standpoint there is certainly an obligation resting upon the Charitable to discover how much of their material comes to them as the result of social neglect, remedial incapacity, and the lack of industrial safeguards. Perhaps the most revolutionary proposition

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ever seriously put before a modern government was the plan for a public organization of the Labor Market placed before the English Parliament in 1909, and although it was written in its final form by two economists, its material was collected by those trained in charitable administration, and it was put forth as a report of a Poor Law Commission. This report divided all of the Unemployed, the Under-employed, and the Unemployable as the results of three types of trades; first, the Subsidized Labor Trades, wherein women and children are paid wages insufficient to maintain them at the required standard of health and industrial efficiency, so that their wages must be supplemented by relatives or charity; second, Labor Deteriorating Trades, which have sapped the energy, the capacity, the character, of successive generations of workers; third, Bare Subsistence Trades, where the worker is forced to such a low level in his standard of life that he continually falls below self-support.

But although this brilliant formulization came from England, one does not need to cross the water to find instances of the relation of industry to charity. An American white-lead factory discharges every employee at the end of three months, not through the recommendation of the foreman, but directly from the office, in order to prevent the men from developing lead poisoning. This is of course cheaper than to employ examining physicians or to install safeguards. But how about discontinuous employment as a factor in the breeding of discouragement and poverty? Of this the charitable people say never a word. In a pottery factory instanced by Professor Edsoll of the University of Pennsylvania, men are chiefly engaged who are already afflicted with tuberculosis and cancer, because, knowing that they have but little time to live, they do not resent the fate of lead-poisoning.

Is it because our modern industrialism is so new that we have been slow to connect it with the poverty all about us? The socialists talk constantly of the relation of economic wrong to destitution and point out the connection between industrial maladjustment and individual poverty, but the study of social conditions, the obligation to eradicate poverty, cannot belong to one political party or to one economic school, and after all, it was not a socialist, but that ancient friend of the poor, St. Augustine, who said, "Thou givest bread to the hungry, but

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better were it that none hungered, and thou hadst no need to give to him."

Five hundred years ago John Ball, looking out over England, tells us that he saw "the great treading down the little, the strong beating down the weak, the cruel men fearing not, the kind men daring not, and wise men caring not"; and then with his heart burning within him, he cries aloud, "and the Saints in heaven forbearing, and yet bidding me not to forbear!"

If we compare our time with his, we will admit that although the great still tread down the little, and the strong beat down the weak, that cruel men are at last becoming afraid of public opinion, that kind men are more daring in their schemes for alleviation than they used to be, that wise men are at last more solicitous. We do not venture to say whether or not the Saints in heaven forbear, but we are very certain that no Saint upon earth could forbear in the presence of contemporaneous social and industrial conditions, and whether saint or sinner, we all know that the conditions can only be made more righteous and more human by the unceasing devotion of countless generations of men.

The English economists and philanthropists have started a crusade against destitution; the most intrepid of revolutionists are those who have been stung into revolt by the poverty and degradation of Russia's peasants; the Social Democrats of Germany are three and a half million men vowed to the destruction of poverty; the part America shall take in this international crusade of the compassionate, in this standing army of humanity's self-pity suddenly mobilized for a new conquest, it lies largely with the Charitable to determine, for it is probable that out of the most persistent and intelligent efforts to alleviate poverty will arise the most successful efforts to eradicate poverty.

JANE ADDAMS.

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PRIESTS AND WOMEN'S CLOTHES.

BY CESARE LOMBROSO.

WOMAN among savage peoples, as was the case with the ancients, is held, with but few exceptions (which shall be explained below), in great contempt and, in several cases, even in horror. Among the Dyaks of Northwest Borneo, young men are prohibited from eating game—which is especially meant as food for women and old men—for fear of rendering them deer-hearted. Boys of the Wiraijuri tribe must not play with girls; and should any one of the Imahas do so, he would be scoffed at. Among the Samoyeds, the Astyaks and other Shamanistic populations, woman is regarded as contaminated, so much so that men avoid touching anything belonging to her. Women, therefore, have got their own crockery and utensils and cannot go beyond the corner of the tent allotted to them. They are not allowed to walk where men resort to, nor even are they permitted to approach the fire. Should a man be compelled to make use of a woman's utensil, he will take good care to free himself from impurity by fumigation. Likewise, when a woman has given the pitch to the tent, she must first fumigate it before man vouchsafes to make his entrance. In the South Sea Islands no woman is permitted to tamper with the food set apart for men or kept in store for the gods.

Among some Brazilian tribes it is believed that the presence of woman will hinder wine from fermenting. In Nukahiva should a woman happen to touch or sit near an object put under taboo, and rendered sacred and inviolable because of its contact with man, it cannot be further made use of, and she has to pay the penalty with her life in consequence. In Tahiti women must respect the places resorted to by men, as well as their fishing-tackle and weapons.

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The head of the husband or father is considered defiled by contact with a woman, nor is it lawful for a wife or sister to meddle with any object or implement tabooed by a chief. The Burmese consider it disreputable to have a woman living overhead, and to avoid such a disgrace they build only one-storied houses. The walls of the Maoris' dwellings are tabooed; no man will lean against them. Amongst the Kaffas of East Africa the woman is locked up within the interior part of the building, her husband occupying the remainder. She is strictly prohibited from going out-of-doors, every infringement being liable to three years' imprisonment. A Bakari woman, on being asked her name, only answered, "I am a woman." None of the Samoyedean, Corean or Abipone womankind is endowed with a name. Such was the case also with the ancient Romans. These instances can as well be compared with those which exclude women from possessing a soul.

Woman is, consequently, often tabooed admittance into the temples, as is the case with the Arabs of Mecca. According to several theologians, woman has no room whatever in Paradise. The same opinion is prevalent among the Hawaiians. Should a Hindoo woman touch an image, the validity of its divinity being thereby destroyed, it is cast away as unfit for further use. Amongst the Fiji Islanders dogs are excluded from some temples. Women are, however, debarred from all. In the Marquesas Islands, should a woman venture to enter a temple while divine service is being held, or even walk under the shadow of its trees, she would be forthwith put to death. Exclusion of the fair sex extends even to dancing-parties, festivals, entertainments and banquets. In many cases only folks of one sex make up a dance, the intrusion of the other being punishable with death. This separation of the two sexes is adhered to by Greenlanders, even in funeral ceremonies.

Sovereign, though unjust, contempt for woman being so manifest among savage peoples, it yet seems strange that it is just among the savages and the ancients that priests should have adopted the apparel, ornaments and even the very deportment of women. With the Teadykes, for instance, some priests claim to be considered as being women, or rather, they dress like women and exact a woman's treatment. There are men amongst the

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Kodyaks who bedeck themselves in female attire and are regarded as warlocks.

The Persians wore a tiara as a head-dress, which bore a kind of mask or double veil hanging down the lower part of the face, so that the breath might not sully the sacred vestments. No one is a stranger to the fact that almost throughout the East, in the Fiji and Sidi Islands, women cover their faces with veils, just as Assyrian ladies wore the tiara. Jewesses wear a kind of tiara-fashioned cap, or mitre ornamented with gold, and often surmounted by a veil. They are besides attired in wide breeches and double frocks.* The Phrygians worshipped the goddess Cybele Berecynthia, who appears to correspond to Terra or the Earth. The ears of corn and the keys were her symbols and badges, intimating the fecundity of the earth and the opening up of her treasures. Her priests were called Corybantes, Curetes and also Galli, from the River Gallus crossing Phrygia. During the festivals of Cybele they danced around the goddess's statue, and with unsheathed swords they either slashed or scourged themselves, filling the air with dreadful shrieks, howlings and shrill songs.

These Galli were a kind of quacks, who, as Plutarch states, sold their oracles to gabby women. They were often accompanied by old sorceresses who cast charms, mumbling verses all along. The Egyptian priests were shaved neck and crop, and, like women, wore pearl laces or rings round their legs. According to Lucianus, above three hundred priests of the temple of Hieropolis, as well as the Syrian and Phœnician clergy, were dressed in variegated garments, or purple-bedizened white tunics, which were fastened round their waist with a silk or linen girdle. They were dressed just like women. They wore a Phrygian cap, buff buskins, rouged their faces and dyed their eyebrows. A particular characteristic feature is in many tribes of North America common to men in female apparel. According to Marquette, such woman-like men were regarded by the Illinois and Nadovessi as *manitu,* or holy, on account of their strange way of living. Such men are likewise met with among Northwestern Indians; but in their case, they are connected with the priesthood. In Virginia priests wore

* Whoever will compare the tiara and mitre with the coifs worn by some Norwegian and Piedmontese women cannot but be struck with their similarity, and must needs conclude that they were originally female ornaments.

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a kind of plaited petticoat, which was tucked up and fastened with a clasp to their right shoulder and hung down just above the knee. Their head was closely shaved, excepting the top, which was covered with a tuft of hair, and their body was besmeared with paint.

The Patagonians have prophet priests of both sexes; the men are obliged to dress like women and observe perpetual chastity, which is not exacted from the female branch. Their vocation is signalized by periodical epileptic paroxysms.

The Christians during the first four centuries made use of no special wearing-apparel. Saint Jerome (fourth century) is the first of the Holy Fathers to make mention of any peculiar characteristic attire for celebrant ministers. On the whole, it was an imitation of the Eastern garb. The ancient priests wore a brilliant white tunic. In fact, they are represented as attired in white like women in the mosaic of Saint Ambrose. With regard to the high dignitaries of the Church, they wore, as they still do, the tiara, stole and chasuble, or *planeta,* over the alb when engaged in the celebration of the mass and the amict or amice—a kind of kerchief folded diagonally and worn about the neck and shoulders in order to protect the vestments from perspiration.

The alb, for *tunica* or *vestis alba,* is a kind of shirt reaching to the feet. It was formerly the usual vestment worn even by the laity, but afterward restricted to the clergy when engaged in religious ceremonies. In early times priests wore also pieces of cloth variegated with silk and gold embroideries on their breast, shoulders, sleeves and skirts, just as women do at present. An alb and an amice belonging to Bishop Fiorentino are still preserved in the cathedral of Viterbo.* On the former is a slip of brocade fretted with Gothic letters in bead-work. This usage lasted till A.D. 855. At present the alb is only ornamented with silk lace of different kinds and patterns according to the dignitary rank of the wearer, the same as women bedeck their chemises with. On Good Friday the alb was black.

What may be the cause of these contradictions? How can it be that woman, held as she is below beasts by man in a state of barbarity, should, at the same time, be the object of so great veneration as to be chosen as a model by the most revered members of barbarous and ancient peoples, to wit, by the priests?

* *Moroni:* "Dictionary of Historical and Ecclesiastical Lore."

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It is not difficult to account for this. In the first place, priests, being conservative in their usages, adopted for their dress the reduction of what in early times had been but a mere winding-sheet, which kind of covering women also converted to use to wrap themselves up in. This style of habit was much more ancient than that of men, who, on the other hand, had adopted what is but the mere reduction of a military attire—the coat of mail—as Haeckel has well demonstrated. In the second place, when the layman adopted a reduced special military attire, just for respectability's sake, the priest did not follow suit, but externally assimilated himself to woman by adopting her garments, veils, ornaments and style of trimming the hair for no other object but that he might thus more easily take advantage of her greater liability to hysteria, hence her susceptibility to spiritual influence. He therefore claimed the province of developing the mediumistic gifts with which she might have been endowed, such as telekinetic force, telo-æsthesia, telepathy and prophecy, meaning thus to monopolize and turn them to account.

That woman is more subject to hysteria than man is a known fact, but few may know how much more liable she is to hypnotic phenonema, which easily open up the unfoldment of spiritual faculties. Pitris states that one-third of womankind and one-fifth only of hysterical men give way to the hypnotic phenomena. Out of 360 persons hypnotized by Berbillon 265 were women, fifty men and forty-five children. From a study made upon 1,700 subjects, it resulted that twelve per cent. of the women and seven per cent. of the men had veracious hallucinations. According to one authority, fifteen per cent. men and seventeen per cent. women dream very often; seven per cent. men and eight per cent. women dream all night through.

No doubt, therefore, remains that women are idiosyncratically more susceptible to hypnotic phenomena than men. And the history of observation proves that hysteria and hypnotism take the form of magic, sorcery and divination or prophecy among savage peoples.

The Kafirs of the Orange Free State believe that man's curse brings on no consequences, whereas that of woman is always baneful. "Women," say the Pishawar people, "are all witches; for several reasons they may not exert their inborn powers." So likewise women are all regarded as witches in Gangpur in Taos.

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In Panagur should three or four deaths follow in succession, the village women are sure to fall under suspicion, and special means are therefore employed to hunt out the culprit. In the Slave Coast hysterical women are believed to be possessed with spirits, and such as are destined to religious offices hold full sway over their husbands, who have to serve and pay homage to them.

The Fuegians celebrate an annual festival in commemoration of man's liberation from petticoat government, for woman had got the upper hand and wielded the sceptre on account of her exclusive possession of the secrets of sorcery. Bodin calculates that witches stand in proportion to wizards as fifty to one. It is a well-known fact that the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, under the care and management of women, as well as that of Delos, of Patara or Ærsinoe, of Tenedos, and of Cyrrha, were superintended by priests. These women were convulsionaries or hysterics. The prophetic function of delivering the answers of the gods to such as came to consult the oracle was at first entrusted to young virgins consecrated to Apollo's sister, but the institution was changed when violence had been offered to one of them, and none but women above the age of fifty were permitted to enter upon that sacred office. They were called Pythiæ or Pythonesses.

The Delphian Pythia sat bare on a three-legged stool, or tripod, which stood amidst dense redolent vapors of burning aromatic herbs, issuing from the hole of a subterraneous cavity below her. She could not prophesy at will; she was consulted only one month a year. If there were no chance of getting an oracle she escaped by giving ambiguous answers. On solemn occasions the Pythia prepared herself by fasting three days and bathing in the waters of the Fountain Castalia, at the foot of Mount Parnassus, and she chewed the laurel leaves with which she crowned herself. On the appointed day Apollo manifested his presence by shaking a laurel tree that grew near the entrance. It was then that the priestess was carried on the tripod to the spot, and no sooner did she inhale the divine inspiration than her eyes suddenly sparkled, her hair stood on end, she began to foam at the mouth and a shivering ran over all her writhing body. In this convulsive state she spoke the oracle of the god, often with loud howlings and cries, and her articulations were taken down by the priests and set in order. So violent was the fit that she continued for some days in agonizing tortures, which often terminated fatally.

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Even amongst the Hebrews, with whom woman was so greatly despised, we meet with prophetesses, or women held in great veneration, such as Miriam, the sister of Moses; Deborah, Huldah, and the New Testament gives us Anna and others.

Both the Gauls and the Germans believed women better fitted than men to be the recipients of the prophetic spirit. Jewish women never had any share in sacerdotal functions; so also with the Mussulman, Parsee and Buddhist women; whereas amongst the Romans and Greeks they, under the appellation of Vestales or prophetesses, presided over many religious ceremonies, some of which, such as oracles in shrines, were exclusively assigned to their office.

The Etruscan women had an ascendency over men in religious rites, not only because of their being admitted to the sacerdotal calling, but even because of their being ordained in larger numbers than men. Bertrand rightly observes that women had an essential and prominent part in divination and magic. In fact, side by side with the wizards there were the witches; with the magicians, the Pythiæ; with the augurs, the Sibyls; with the Druids, the Druidesses; with God Faunus, fortune-teller for men; Goddess Fauna, fortune-teller for women.

Many Druidesses were believed to have magical powers superior to those of the high priests. The Druidesses could only reveal futurity, some authors state, to the man who had profaned them; others state that they were to remain in the greatest continence and see their husbands but once or twice a year. It appears that they shared sacerdotal functions with their husbands. During their consorts' absence they could act their office of offering up sacrifices to the divinity.

There existed shrines where only women were allowed to deliver oracles, such as the one at Namnetes in the Seine Island, where seven awe-inspiring virgins delivered oracles only to seamen, cured forlorn cases of disease and had a knowledge of the future.

They sometimes attended the nocturnal sacrifices stark naked, dyed black, and shaking and tossing about in frantic agitation throughout the weird ceremonies. They professionally consulted the stars to draw horoscopes, saw futurity revealed before their eyes, and drew omens by hieromancy or by the entrails of and the blood gushing from sacrificed animals. Some Druidesses of

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the lowest rank gave consultations along the banks of lakes. The Germans never undertook any adventure without first consulting their prophetesses, whom they considered inspired by the gods; nor did they venture to give battle, even when placed under favorable conditions, should these privileged creatures discountenance the enterprise.

The Druidesses held their influence over the Gauls even when the Druids had disappeared under the Roman emperors. They resided in deep caves, dried-up wells, ravines, woods or other solitary retreats, under the Scandinavian name of *Fanæ*=Fanes (Cf. Swedish *fan*=the devil), or under that of *Faies, Faes, Fées* English form *fays* and Italian *fate* as seen in an inscription of Diocletian's time, where the singular *fata* is used for *Parca.*

These fays or fairies succeeded to the Druidesses by originally clubbing together as a college of prophetesses. They were believed to be immortal and possessed with supernatural or magical powers. They continued, as their predecessors, to perform their weird ceremonies in secluded woods. They were still very influential under the French dynasty. Under Charles VII they were still extant and believed in, for Joan of Arc during her trial was asked whether she were a fay.

The priests made a clean sweep of them all on the other side of the water, as on this side did their colleagues with the *witches;* in Anglo-Saxon *wiglere*=enchantresses (from *wiglien*=to divine, and *wig*=holy); but again they crop up, *mutato nomine,* as *mediums* in our days.

What remedy was left to the priest, who saw despicable woman thus encroach upon his function and incumbencies? None better than that of contriving to monopolize the prestige she had thus far acquired and rule it over her.

It is a well-known fact that in ancient times the priest had always monopolized all the arts and pursuits that might have interfered with his office whether nigh or afar. There is no doubt that the earliest cook was a priest who gave cooked meat and salt flesh to the cannibals, as Atheneus states in his "*Deipnosophistæ*"; and from presiding over the culinary department, which in time was absorbed into that of sacrifice-offering, he turned his attention to the healing art. There are medicine-men who are priests and diviners in America and Africa; not less so

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are there medico-priests in Catholic countries, having medicaments and nostrums which bear the names of monks and saints. Tahova at Tahiti, meaning enlightened, acts both as a priest and medical man; so also the Piages or Pages, at Guarany, in Brazil, follow up both the medical and sacerdotal professions.

Physic appears to have been first practised by the Egyptian priests. According to Ecclesiasticus, the gift of healing comes from God, and kings must have a knowledge of the art of healing (Cf. Isaiah III, 7).

In the Middle Ages, physic had been practised for many years by the clergy, especially by the parabolani, and well celebrated were Constantine, of Carthagena, Alphonso Manger, bishop of Winchester, Peter Lombard, Brunero and others.

The Council of Reims (A.D. 1131) prohibited monks from practising the art of healing, but Boniface VIII (A.D. 1292) permitted them.

In all religions diseases and their remedies were ascribed to the gods, whence they have borne their names.

Besides the healing art, the priests took up with all the other arts. With astrology, amongst the Chaldeans and the Assyrians; with poetry and history, as David, Solomon and Moses evince in the Bible; with statecraft, and even with agriculture and the sciences, as seen in the Middle Ages.

More might be said with regard to meteorology, which branch of science was so exclusively belonging to the clergy that till a few years ago it was deemed sacrilegious for a layman to pursue its study.

How could the priests, as a matter of course, not engross the art of magic, or of prophecy also, so common to women, and make it part and parcel of their business? What did they do? In some places they enlisted them in their services, such as the Prophetesses and Pythiæ in Greece; or they contrived to go snacks with them by wedlock or by violence, as in the case of the Druids; or they came in for Benjamin's share in the Roman and Etruscan temples.

They at other times and quarters beat them hollow and reduced them to subjection, as with the Fuegians, who still celebrate the freedom of men from the witcheries and control of women.

But still the supremacy of woman kept itself afloat, despite all

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the efforts of the priest to outdo her. This supremacy of hers held firm, because based upon her organic conditions, so well acknowledged by both the Gauls and the Germans, who had recognized in her a superior aptitude for prophetic inspiration, in spite of the efforts of her false rival competitor, the priest, to divest her of her ascendency.

We saw likewise how the Druidesses predominated altogether in the Seine Island; how woman was essentially paramount at Delphi; how she prevailed supremely on the Slave Coast; and how she ruled the roost, as a fay, in mediæval Gaul.

No other course was, therefore, left to the crafty priest but that of commending himself by a cunning artifice. "I am a woman," said he, and as one knows one's man by the cut of his jib, or, better still as *l'abito fa il monaco—i. e.,* "it's the cassock that makes the monk"—so he made good his word by betaking himself to the expedient of assuming female garb, which became in time the *toga prætesta,* and later on either the alb or the surplice, thus leaving all the glory of a warrior's wearing-apparel to the laity.

This plan proved in part successful in Ancient Rome. In fact, none but women were once consecrated to the mysteries of the "Good Goddess," and only the vestals performed the religious rites; but the men, who had been excluded, wishing to imitate the mysteries, as Juvenal states, arrayed themselves like women in strict observance of the time-sanctioned rites and rules, even to wearing head-bands and necklaces.

In order to complete the transformation they added tinsel, finery and jewels to their guise, the fashion of wearing the hair, and last, but not least, close shaving—a characteristic feature reproduced by the Catholic clergy.

Being unable to suppress women, "that sex still obnoxious to the priest," they disguised themselves like women; and right they were, for by this means they came off with flying colors; became paramount and lorded it far and wide, extending their supremacy even to magic and prophecy. How is it now that they do not extend it to spiritism and to hypnotism, which, under the broad designation of prophecy, they had long since gained a hold upon, and the acquisition of which cost them so many sacrifices? Why is it, instead, that through the authority of the Vatican and the channel of its organs, they thunder anathema

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against spiritism and hypnotism, in which rapid strides and discoveries are daily being made? The reason is obvious; it is because they have not as yet found the way and means of appropriating the phenomena to their functions; and yet the task of monopolizing even these would not be difficult for them. For did they not curse with bell, book and candle against meteorology, because it was infringing upon regions where the Lord reigned supreme; and did they not call curses on the heads of the founders of modern astronomy, such as Copernicus and Galileo? But when they perceived that their denunciations and fulminations, however supported by secular authority, did not tell, it was then that, after whiffling and tacking a bit, they veered at the right time, and became possibly astronomers and meteorologists, all the time protesting and avowing that they had always protected those sciences, which, owing to their positive and mathematical nature, were far away from theology, which was exclusively cultivated by them. So it is that in astronomy many of the clerical body distinguished themselves, and well celebrated are Father Denza, Father Secchi, Father Piazza, Father Francott, Father Drumnon, Father Giovanaza and others. No less than fifteen observatories were founded by them.

So will it turn out likewise with spiritualism, for when mediumistic phenomena shall have gained headway, and this they will surely not be long in doing, then they will justly serve as a basis to a new religion, and the priest, as of yore, will embrace the new revelation and turn it to account as he has always done. Evolution is the law even in priestcraft.

Will the lassies of some new organizer of General Booth's stamp, and such like hysterical revivalists, be the prophetesses of the future? For is there not even nowadays a germ of them in the many camp-meetings of the United States? Cannot the future organizer be the *Pontifex Maximus* of Rome? Be it so, provided the new religion be not as heretofore, "of the letter which killeth, but of the spirit which giveth life"; universal and not sectarian; scientific and not superstitious.

CESARE LOMBROSO.

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A POLITICAL NOVELIST AND MORE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

WHEN people had wearied of sighing in vain for the great American novel, they began to cherish a more specific longing, and to ask for a great political novel of our own. Many then arose to tell them why they could not have it, and furnished them several plausible reasons, without satisfying them that the reasons were almost if not quite as good as the novel they wanted. I remember that I myself was one of those who tried to pacify the insurgent masses, though I must own that their clamor seemed to be largely the making of such as were trying to still it. As nearly as I can now recall it my little explanation was that we could not have a political novel of the English make (which seemed to be the ideal) because our politics were not good society like the English politics; were not society at all, were wholly impolite, were outcast, were no more of æsthetic import than the hobo of the highway or of the empty freight-car; unpsychological, unicellular, incapable of the dramatic encounter of the man-soul and the woman-soul, which I neatly held (not quite in those terms) to be the primary and ultimate business of fiction. This showed how very nearly less than nothing I knew of the matter, though my conclusions would have been just enough if they had rested firmly upon facts duly ascertained. But my facts, as I imagined them, were so alluring that I had not taken the trouble to ascertain them. Up to a certain point I had proceeded scientifically, but I had erred in failing to submit my hypothesis to the test of observation.

What we really needed for the creation (or call it by the modester name of invention) of a good political novel was a good politician able from his conscience as well as his knowledge to divine the shape of things pretty constantly before the eyes

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of all. Such a politician brought fine literary skill, right literary method and true literary ideal to the enterprise when Mr. Brand Whitlock wrote "The Thirteenth District," and possessed us of a political novel as yet unmatched by its English antitypes. What had already happened in American manufactures of many kinds when Americans brought their minds and their morals to them happened now: the American goods were the best in the market, not only because the shapeliest and neatest and of the best workmanship, but because the honestest also, honestest in material and handling.

This extraordinary story was not the first political fiction made in America; as is well known, there is no first in any kind. Before Mr. Whitlock had discovered the Illinois boss Rankin, who makes and unmakes the Congressman from The Thirtenth District, that very able and acute observer of the middling American life, Harold Frederick, had divined the nature of an up-State local boss, his typical ambition and his glad lust of power; whenever he had touched politics Mr. William Allen White had touched the quick; Mr. Whitlock himself in several minor studies of ward bosses and ward politics from the vantage of a Chicago newspaper reporter had caught the very meaning of them, and in his recurrences to rural Ohio politics had never failed of it. With eyes mostly held from what was before them by the dazzle of purely literary allures, I had yet known something of what goes on in caucuses and conventions; and I knew their composite physiognomy so well that I recognized with the joy that has never failed me in true work the truth of the first sketch of his that came in my way. From that time on it was only a question with me of more or less pleasure of whatever he did; and I cannot say that "The Thirteenth District" is better than his many magazine stories and sketches of our political life. Its greaterness (if I may indulge myself in such a word) is in its wider range and deeper plunge; not in its keener veracity.

Of course the tragedy of the book is in the gradual rotting of the "hero's" soul; it was a pretty rotten soul to begin with; and the moral is in the fact that rotten souls are apt to remain so in spite of adversity. The uses of that are indeed sweet, but only for those who can swallow the bitter of life and realize that it is a wholesome tonic, sovereign against selfishness and self-indulgence. The Congressman from The Thirteenth District wins

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his first nomination and election through the favor of the really simple-hearted, boyish-natured boss who certainly admires his showy gifts and cheap arts, but loves better the joy of the struggle in which he downs their enemies. A fine thing in the author's realization of him is his infatuation with the work of his own hands; he comes to stand in awe of his figment where it has taken on the glare of a vulgar Washington sojourn, and he lets it patronize him and snub him while he serves it with heroic zeal. There is something beautiful in that, quite as beautiful as the final compunction which he feels in having destroyed his image of a man after the wretched traitor had played him false and broken the most sacred promise he was capable of.

Rankin the boss is a greater creation than Garwood the Congressman, but the true hero of the tale is the Thirteenth District itself, the political situation as it lies in the natures of the politicians fighting for and against Garwood. The most masterly passages of the book are those which dramatize almost sensibly before the reader the episodes and incidents of the convention which nominates Garwood for the second time. The picture, the stage picture, abounds in figures painted to the life and animated with the ignoble passions which might make us tremble for democracy if we did not remember the relentless greed of oligarchies, the cruel and unbridled lusts of despotism, and dread them more. It is wholly by filibustering that the second nomination is managed, but the filibustering is masterly; it is magnificent, but not so magnificent as to cease being war. Remorseless and unscrupulous strategy carries the day, and the boss and his wonderful lieutenant remain with the good conscience of generals who have tricked and outwitted the enemy in the other kind of war, which honors not merely murder but every manner of lying in word and deed.

The study of the campaign that follows when the party forces have been compelled to accept the leadership chosen for them is relatively unimportant; but it is all as faithful as the finished historical painting of the convention. The successively important events are those which conclude the whole story, but except for the end they are dealt with panoramically rather than dramatically. The psychology of Garwood's decay, or rather the revelation and realization of it, is something most uncommon. Garwood's congenital dishonesty is suggested with so little in-

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sistence that the fact remains in the background of the reader's consciousness; and his treachery to Rankin comes with a shock; you perceive that even without his necessity, his extremity, he would not have much minded betraying his friend; it was in him, it was his nature. It is more striking, but it is not so interesting, not so important, as his quick corruption by the coarser luxuries of the capital, and his repulsion for the dull little community and the shabby little country town of his district. He hates it all, its rawness, its squalor, its familiarity, but he is vitally dependent upon it. The time for his re-election comes round with pitiless swiftness, and he is flung into the struggle with cruel loathing in his heart for the very means of victory, of renewed escape; not a moral loathing, but a sort of ignorant, social loathing, largely the effect of the fat hotel living and the padded ease of official immunity from the every-day stress of earning a livelihood. He has the cunning to perceive that as a representative of the people he is of no importance in the capital, but he has a sensual preference of his futility to any genuine use through work. Yet when once again in his armor he fights boldly and bravely, and nimbly avails himself of any false and base chance of victory. When it comes to his third nomination, and he is beaten in the convention by the friend he had betrayed, he takes to drink for a while, but his debauch does not last. He pulls up from it and from his financial ruin, and stumps the Thirteenth District for his successful rival within the party. He simply remains after that, waiting any new opportunity of self-aggrandizement on the same moral level where his whole public life had passed.

One thing that Mr. Whitlock's book distinctly teaches is that a man's public life and private life are of a sole texture; that there is no official personality; that a man cannot be innerly true and outerly false. Garwood is a poor, flimsy, recreant politician, because he is that sort of son and husband. He is as unworthy of his mother and his wife as he is of the true men among his constituents, as he is even of the kind, foolish, morally purblind boss who bears him no malice when he has punished his treachery, and would imaginably be willing to help the ruthless scoundrel to his feet again. I am not sure but of the two men Rankin is not the more important study. All the men in the book are æsthetically *good*. The little rascal editor who profits by Garwood's treason to the boss is mighty good; he is quite

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visibly, tangibly good, and so is that wonderful "Singed Cat," Bailey, who presides at the nominating convention, and tricks and bullies Garwood into the first place. It will be long, if it will be ever, before that figure is approached in our fiction, and I do not mind saying it is not surpassed, as far as it goes, in any fiction.

The women of the book are imagined in that abeyance where our political system keeps them. I have an odd feeling that when women get the votes that men cannot long deny them, the mother and wife of Garwood will have the importance in the retrospect which they now have not, though every touch in their portrayal is true. So it is almost in that of Dade Emerson, with her varying ideals of French, English and Southern superiority to her native Illinoisian civilization in accent. Say, she is a little caricatured, and you must still own that she is charming, and a good girl, and a wise woman for all her folly.

But it may be owned that Mr. Whitlock's women are not so wonderfully good as his men; when they become politicians with the suffrage they may be so; it does not avail that they are already log-rollers, lobbyists, wire-pullers, without the responsibility of voters, slight as that so often is with men. In such a delicious comedy as "Her Infinite Variety," with its honeyed sting of satire (what a pity it could not be put on the stage!) it is still only society, only surface, womanhood which is studied. The unscrupulosity of the voteless women who wish other women to remain voteless was never better expressed than in the behavior of the anti-suffrage ladies who come down from Chicago and personally defeat the woman lawyer who is dealing professionally with the suffrage resolution before the legislature. It is through the slightness of the hero, his blindness to the wiles which ensnare him, that they triumph; but perhaps it is subtly meant by the author that in such circumstances all men are flimsy and fatuous, and that women's cunning will not cease to be triumphantly pitted against men's wisdom till women are civically equal with men.

After all, I am not sure the little story is a comedy, or so much a comedy as it is a tragedy. The heart is left aching for the brave professional woman whom the society women have downed in the legislature, though she shows herself so capable of meeting them in an encounter of wit. It had to end so, and

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so it cannot be a comedy; but there is no doubt that "The Happy Average" is an idyl of the kindliest and truest make. Apparently Mr. Whitlock means the story for a protest against the dire implications of the old adage that "the course of true love never did run smooth." So indeed it did not, but because nothing runs smooth in a world where events retard and contrary the fulfilment of all dear hopes, whether they are of wealth or health or happy marriage, but do not finally defeat them. He has set himself the pleasant task of showing how in a civilization where ninety-nine hundredths of the marriages are love-marriages, the way of a typical one through poverty and paternal prudence is beset by no perils which a little wholesome patience will not abate. It is the story truly of the happy average of American marriages, whose blissful romance lies in the entirely reasonable certainty that they are inevitable from the unlimited opportunities of love-making. It is told with a humor which scarcely suffers itself ever to become irony, and it is full of the spirit of innocent and indomitable youth, with its eager enterprises, its fervent admirations, its devoted friendships. Its range is from a little Central Ohio town to Chicago, where the lover goes to win his place in journalism, and finally resumes the study of the law which he had begun in Macochee. It is all very winningly done, with the types which are each a character touched with affectionate and unfailing accuracy, and the endearing commonness of the circumstance unblinkingly presented in the vision of eyes that see it tenderly, reverently. I could wish that this lovely and honest book could find its way to those alien inquirers who sometimes express the wish to know us as we are, in spite of the newspaper facts, which also show us as we are. I could say to them: "This is the very American life. This is unquestionably the happy average. If you ask me how I reconcile such bliss with our abounding misery in matrimony, our separations, our marital murders, our unhappy average of one divorce to every seven marriages, I answer frankly that I do not reconcile it, while I affirm again that this story of the Happy Average is a faithful picture of American life on those immeasurable levels which are as high above poverty as they are below luxury."

It is proof of an author's power if you recur to the books of his which you have read and find something freshly interesting in them. This power has evinced itself to me in the gentle charm

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of "The Happy Average," and I feel it in the dreadful fascination which draws me again to "The Turn of the Balance," and makes me prisoner to its iron reality. It is again the harsh lines of civic drama; here is no scene of playful satire, no pleasing picture of idyllic matter-of-fact, but a grim etching of our underworld, bitten in with corroding acid wherever the thin coating of social hypocrisy yields to the keen point of the artist's needle. It is as unsparing an accusation of legality as Tolstoy's "Resurrection," and it is made with greater authority from more practical knowledge. Mr. Whitlock is the Mayor of Toledo, thrice elected, without volition of his, by the indefatigable persistence of a majority of his fellow citizens over the minority of all the other political parties uniting against him; he knows what the administration of the law is. He is himself an attorney locally successful in civil and criminal practice, and when a young man, well under forty, of such ability as to have won in the Supreme Court of Ohio a case against the State and obliged it to the revision of an entire body of legislation; he knows what the procedure of courts is. He has been a reporter and he knows the "criminal classes," including the police, with the sharp, unsparing penetration of a newspaper man. He is a philanthropist; he has studied the condition and government of prisons; and he knows the facts of them. This awful book is the sum of his experience and observation, and to his practical authority in the matter he joins the instinct of a poet and the conscience of a politician whose advance in public life has been through his unselfish service of his fellow citizens and their grateful recognition. It not only touches the heart with the force which the creative imagination alone can exert, but it compels conviction with the power of unimpeachable statistics.

It will be understood that it is not light or pleasant reading. It will not take the "tired business-man's mind off itself" like a musical comedy or a wild tale of adventure; it will not stupefy the brain (such as it is) of a "society girl" with the fume of "passion"; it will not drug the soul of boyhood with the dream of conquest among the princesses of unmapped kingdoms; it will not flatter or betray any reader to a vain belief in a perfected Americanism. But if one wishes to know what the author declares the truth about the conditions that produce, and the courts that punish, and the prisons that perpetuate the hundreds of thousands

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of criminals "in this fair land," here one may learn it. In what school the author has studied not how to imitate this master or that, but "how to imitate nature," the mother of all the arts, is plain enough. It is the great Russian school which embodies an æsthetic recalling the novelist to the study of man as we all know him in the flesh, and an evangel renewing the power and glory of the Son of Man in the imagination, and dedicating it once more to the service of the soul.

What Zola was to Frank Norris in his large epics, Tolstoy has been to Brand Whitlock in this tremendous tragedy. It is no more a polemic than life is; it does but show us what life is in phases which we blink and ignore. If it tears from our eyes the bandage which we fancied on those of Justice and shows her winking at the same crimes against criminals in the American courts and the Russian courts, and in their differing procedure arriving at the same wicked and stupid ends, it is certainly not for us to reject it as impossible. The accusation is too bold, too unsparing, made from an experience too questionless to be dismissed as the effectivism of a novelist. It is true that Mr. Whitlock shares Tolstoy's doubt of all punishment as a deterrent, and as a reformant holds it too sadly grotesque for laughter. He is an officer of the law, and his fellow citizens will have him keep his office from year to year; yet he tells them, as he tells us all, in this book that the administration of the law and the execution of the law are iniquitous and of the nature of the frauds and complicities and violences constituting the criminality which the laws are always arresting and trying and punishing. The study of these alleged operations of the laws will have the prime fascination of the book for the thoughtfuler reader; as for the sheer dreadfulness of those hells which the by-laws of wardens and guards make of the penitentiaries (the word is mockingly wrenched from its fitness by the facts) that is for the gust of the strong stomachs which can sup on horrors without physical revolting. With all, "The Turn of the Balance" is a work of literary art, simple in style, dramatic in the representation of life; clear, shapely and rounded to the imperative climax. Perhaps after the sins it accuses are repented of we shall enjoy its æsthetic beauty and experience from it in the retrospect that "noble terror" which the Greeks thought the office of tragedy.

W. D. Howells.

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GENTLER LIVING.

BY PROFESSOR ABRAM S. ISAACS.

THESE are rather disastrous days for men and women of the gentler mould. They were never so crowded to the wall and so keenly made to feel their helplessness and incapacity. In reality they are anachronisms in the stir and strife of our shrilly competitive era. It is not altogether a mad world, my masters; perhaps it is merrier and more thoughtless than mad, as it rushes along at precipitate speed. Yet whatever we term it, the shouting, strutting, self-conscious and self-advertising element is everywhere in evidence. A recent critic of New York claims that it is so busily engaged in digesting the newly arrived poor from abroad and the newly arrived rich from other cities that it has lost completely its civic pride. In such a process, between the upper and lower mill-stones, the fate of a great body of its quieter citizens is not to be envied.

Now, is it true that our larger cities possess one special function in a democracy such as ours—that of permitting the dregs to come too rapidly to the surface? If this be so—and it can hardly be questioned—one can begin to understand certain undeniable American tendencies, among which, without assuming any pessimistic attitude, none is more significant and deplorable than the gradual dying out of the gentler life, the quiet, modest ways. Have they passed forever with the minuet and the stage-coach, the indefinable grace and stately courtesy of men and women of the olden school? Gentleness, graciousness, reserve, self-restraint, quiet dignity that betokens character—who has time for all that sort of thing in the fight for existence, the struggle for social and business supremacy? Not only is there no leisure apparently to cultivate such graces, but there is felt more and more open contempt for the amiable weaknesses of a

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past generation. We affect to smile at their simplicity and absolute lack of modernity. Away with shrinking modesty and deference, with quiet refinement and unpretentious living! Who can be expected to endure such a strait-jacket in our swagger days? Let us join the motley throng in their gay apparel and unrestrained mood. Let us shout and flaunt it with the rest. And have we not money enough to buy the shrillest trumpets, the loudest colors, the swiftest steeds of the air, the road, the wave?

Present conditions affect naturally all lines of activity—there is, perhaps, no field, intellectual as well as social, that escapes the contagion. The Government takes commendable steps against the enemy that devastates our fields and destroys our crops; private munificence is seeking to fathom the secret of the white plague and other distempers; there are numerous protective agencies which benefit the child, the animal, the crippled and the suffering. But what general movement to restore society to sanity and even poise? Now and then a courageous voice is heard, a warning sounded.

> "Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
> Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
> On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined. . . ."

Who wants to be Cassandra when a billion-dollar Congress has lost its novelty, the country's coffers and granaries are full to repletion, and every city gauges its prominence by Babel-like business structures of steel? Why be a prophet of evil tidings when we are preparing to annex Mars? Why should we not strut a little and feel self-important?

Take literature, for example—how fallen, fallen, fallen from its high estate! We have now indisputably the era not of the best books, but of the best sellers. To become of that class, what must not be sacrificed! How utterly antiquated are Milton's views concerning books, preserving "as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that intellect that bred them." The author, or rather the publisher, is very much like the razor-vender in the old-time poem, whose razor was made not to shave, but to sell. Similarly the typical book, particularly in fiction, where the disease has taken strongest root, is written less to educate and entertain than to sell at all hazards. The publisher—happily there are conspicuous exceptions—in his advertisements and announcements dwells diplomatically on qualities of the book which

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are coarse, alluring, meretricious, in a determined bid for support from that large and growing element which has a sweet tooth for such appetizing fare. He seems to glory in the vehement vulgarity to which authors of his like, too many of whom are women, are glad to stoop, to receive the house's imprint and thirty pieces of silver. He is greedy to supply fresh fuel to the flames; he deems himself justified in providing just what the reader wants. Publishers, forsooth! They are panderers, rather, and could never flourish if the atmosphere were purified and the life the great mass of us lead were of a gentler, quieter type.

A curious illustration of the literary tendency was furnished recently in the office of a well-known magazine of large circulation. A genially written story of acceptable length had been forwarded by a frequent contributor to the best monthlies. In an interview which followed the article's rejection the editor stated frankly: "Your story was well written, but, unfortunately, it was too quiet and lacked vim. Our readers want blood and vim." Exactly so; good red blood is required; the atmosphere of the stockyard and bagnio. What chance to-day for an Irving, an Addison, a Hawthorne? Stronger stuff is demanded—it is the spirit of the age when your would-be popular magazine emulates the methods of the yellow journal and insists upon being regarded as literature. If Milton were living to-day he would change his metaphor in a famous passage—he would no longer see a "noble and puissant Nation" "as an Eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazl'd eyes," but he would compare the public that feeds upon such literary garbage to a vulture of malignant form.

In the sphere of education the tendency manifests itself in the popular regard for size, not character for efficiency, as a university's chief asset. The vulgar, boastful spirit that points to the stadium as the essential show-card, not the class-room; to the victories on the field or river, not the scholarly productions of teacher and student as the real college glory—this spirit so utterly subversive of the true aim of education can be met on all sides. The country is scoured for funds to extend departments until the proportions of a department store are attained. But one looks in vain for a chair in enthusiasm, a chair in resolute devotion to the scholar's ideal for life and letters. There must be depth as well as breadth in university training; with com-

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mercialism running riot and all its noisy accompaniments, depth is too generally sacrificed to breadth and the foundations are undermined. There is a thin varnish of education, it is true; but can this conceal the boastful, aggressive attitude, to be expected probably in a fish-market, but not in a hall of learning? The contagion so affects the teacher, his rank and influence, that too many air opinions on all possible subjects outside of their special branches, from Job's mother-in-law to the latest fad in prose and pottery. Anything to be reported widely in the press, whose exaggerations are dulcet melodies. Any paradox to arouse attention, any absurdity to excite comment, caustic or otherwise —that is life and joy to men who are no more professors than wildly gesticulating curbstone brokers are representative of *haute finance.*

Prevalent false standards were aptly illustrated in one of our metropolitan art galleries during a recent season. There were exhibited a certain number of the old masters, purchased abroad by some wealthy collectors and not always with the best judgment, for here and there the examples were distinctly inferior with unmistakable finishing-touches by a later hand. The press dwelt with needless iteration on the vast amounts paid in each instance for these treasures to arouse greater interest. The attendance was large, and from time to time we could hear remarks like these: "Where are the A.'s?" "Are those the B.'s?" "Are the C.'s in the next room?" In every case the art treasures were designated not by the name of the artist—peerless in his day and for all days—but by the name of the purchaser. Is the artist and his art to be secondary to the auction price and the buyer? What is genius for color, form, expression, feeling—what the school of art and its representative, compared to the opulent bargain-hunter who takes to himself the glory, the honor and the name, at least he is made to do so? Such a false measure of value is only possible under flamboyant conditions which destroy delicacy and the fine sense of honor and truth.

One can hardly expect the stage to be more than a mirror of its time, to reflect merely, instead of castigating, current tendencies. It would seem that it is a simple business proposition. It gives what the public wants. This is unfortunate, and from the standpoint of the idealist greatly to be deplored; yet we must admit that the attitude of playwright and manager is not wholly

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unreasonable. How can we demand that they be above their age? If we do not like the food they provide, we are not compelled to buy it. It would be eminently desirable, from the purely ethical view, if the stage grasped more seriously its possibilities as teacher of the people and refused to play the rôle of panderer to low and debased tastes. Unhappily there are so many varieties of people nowadays that the office of the theatre as critic and instructor would be resented by too large a majority to render the experiment profitable to the box-office. When the upper fashionable crowd set the example of quieter tastes and gentler living, there is more likelihood of a gradual improvement in other classes until the stage itself, spurred on by contemporary influence, will have a new birth.

And the church? What is its testimony on the whole? It has its distinct duty to insist on humility; for the meek, we are told, shall inherit the earth. Alas! meekness is apparently the last virtue emphasized, for how few churches are better than their environment, how few resist the sensational and the commercial, how few teach as a vital factor of religion and morals the gentler life? How many, on the other hand, are close competitors in the art of supplying entertainment and attracting crowds by methods familiar to children of darkness, but always taboo to children of light? In the olden unfashionable days the altar was to be made of earth—mute emblem of humility. When the Temple was built no sound of the hammer was heard. How out of date such a structure in our era of blare and glare? The pulpit's opportunity was never greater; why is it not more generally utilized? Why is it failing in grasp, in leadership, in prophetic power? What obsession to be satisfied with the rôle of popular entertainer, when a whole nation is to be welded into new life and spirit, and eternal verities, not transient fads, are to be brought home to the multitude as much to-day by the Hudson and the Mississippi as of old by the Jordan and the Euphrates!

Now, it may be held that the noisy, turbulent, swaggering tendency is due largely to our overcrowded cities, where courtesy, gentleness, self-restraint, are handicapped by the conditions, and that when we flock to the suburbs there will follow a less aggressive era. Unless in the process "the quiet woodland ways" are themselves transformed by auto, telephone, week-end revelry, branch offices and the ticker competing with the thrush there is

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some force in the argument. But in a few years the suburbs will necessarily grow into a city, out of which woodlands and meadows will have vanished with the advancing price of building-lots. It would be but a temporary alleviation, after all—the ailment is too chronic and deep-seated to be eradicated by a change in residence. What is the cure, if any?

In the last analysis the remedy is an ethical one—the virtue of humility needs to be more generally taught and practised, with other old-fashioned qualities, self-control, modesty, living within one's means and station, and a certain feeling of obligation to a Higher Power for the right use of our faculties and opportunities. There must be balance-wheels to keep us in check—and righteous living is otherwise impossible. Our country's real assets are less the product of the mines or the produce of the fields than the character of its citizens, and to evolve its finer, more genuine and more lasting elements is not a question of law, but of individual choice.

You cannot legislate for the gentler life. It must be taught and practised in the home, at school, on the platform and at public worship. Nor need we despair if the outlook is not too cheering. The first century of the Republic was the pioneer age—the era of clearance and upheaval, when out of the quarries the rough granite was to be hewn. There will come, if the Republic is to last, a quieter and more settled era. Out of the thousands that flock to our shores, each nationality eagerly bringing its offerings on our country's altar—the German his thoroughness, the Italian his sense of beauty, the Russian his intellectuality, and the others each with its own vital quality, there will arise in plentiful number doers and dreamers, sages and schemers, the artist, the craftsman and the rest, and among them shall appear preachers of the gentler life, who will arouse the people to the simpler virtues which alone insure a nation's vitality and permanence.

ABRAM S. ISAACS.

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THE WOMAN'S VOTE.

SOME SIDE-LIGHTS FROM NEW ZEALAND'S EXPERIENCE.

BY HUGH H. LUSK.

THE question of the extension of the franchise in national politics to the women of a civilized country, while it can hardly be called a new one, has undoubtedly assumed new proportions both in America and England within the last few years. There are many reasons why such a development might have been expected—some people may even go so far as to say why it had become inevitable.

All the past ages of human history have, no doubt, been ages of evolution, but it may safely be said that the age in which we live now has far surpassed all that have gone before it in the rapid development of its ideas on most subjects of social and political importance. Among these, questions affecting the position of women socially, educationally and politically have been perhaps the most important, as they are likely to prove the most far-reaching in their results. There are many people still living who can remember the time when the rights of women with respect to property and a good many other things as recognized by law, and particularly by the law of England, were very different from those that have grown so familiar to ourselves that hardly anybody doubts either their justice or their desirability. In the domain of education the development of popular thought has been even more remarkable. Fifty years ago the really educated woman in any class of society, either in England or America, was so rare as to be looked upon by people in general, and especially by her own sex, as a phenomenon, to be regarded either as a genius or a freak, but certainly not as a desirable subject for

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imitation. To-day the really well-educated woman is not much less common than the well-educated man, and both men and women generally have learned to regard them not only as unobjectionable, but even as desirable. In the domain of national politics alone it may be said that during the last half-century no change has taken place either in America or England in the recognized position of the women of the country. In both countries the political destinies of the nation still remain, as they have done for so many generations, in the hands of the men, while the other half of the people have no voice either in the law-making or the law administration, which affects them at least as vitally as the other half of the community.

Under such circumstances as these, it is not surprising that the dissatisfaction, which has long been felt by a small class of the women of both countries, should have spread of late to a much larger class and should have found expression in methods more emphatic than formerly. It may, indeed, be true that the methods are not always wise; it may even be true that in some cases they are of a character to throw serious discredit on the cause which they seek to advance. It can hardly be said that deliberate defiance of law and order, such as has of late characterized the action of the leaders of the so-called suffragettes in England, is any proof of the fitness of the lawbreakers to become lawmakers; but it is at least a proof of earnest conviction on their part that they feel a very real grievance. It may be doubted whether any great and far-reaching social or political reform has ever been brought about in any nation in which abuses of any kind have become crystallized by long usage without methods to which in themselves legitimate objections might not have been taken; and yet where the abuses and grievances complained of were real, and the convictions of those who opposed them were sincere enough to produce martyrs for the cause, experience has shown that they have usually been the forerunners of reform.

It may, of course, be argued that the refusal of a voice in the political control of the nation is not a legitimate cause of complaint. There are probably many, possibly even a majority of men, both in America and England, who are content to accept the so-called wisdom of our ancestors, which declared against giving women the franchise as practically conclusive, regardless of the fact that we are daily reversing such conclusions in a hundred

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ways. On the other side there are arrayed many, probably a great majority, of the would-be reformers who boldly advance the theory—which they, of course, look on as a thing quite beyond reasonable dispute — that there exists something like a divine right of voting of which women have been tyrannically deprived by men. Of both these extreme views it may be said with about equal fairness that they are purely theoretical. The idea that because women have not taken the share in politics which men have had, by means of the franchise, that therefore no good, but, on the contrary, all kinds of evil results would be sure to follow if the franchise were extended to women, rests entirely on theory, because the alternative has not been tried. The theory that because women, equally with men, are human beings and are rather more in numbers than the other sex, therefore they have of necessity a right to vote, which is sacred and inalienable and, in fact, quite beyond the domain of argument, may fairly be said to be also purely theoretical. There are no Heaven-made constitutions, and those that are made by men must rest for their justification on the basis of experience. Until within a very short time past that experience has been wholly wanting among people of our race; and even now the experiments made have not been on a very large scale, while their circumstances can hardly be said to be of anything like universal application.

So far as the writer of this article is aware there was, until a very short time ago, only one country occupied by an Anglo-Saxon population in which the adult women of the community had the same voting privileges as the adult males in what may be termed national politics: that country was what is known as the Dominion of New Zealand. It may be freely admitted that even the experiences of a country containing a million inhabitants only do not necessarily apply fully to the conditions of older and much more populous countries, and it will only be fair to keep these and any other peculiarities of the country and its population in view while dealing with its experiments in the extended franchise. Yet, after all, it cannot reasonably be doubted that a good deal may be learned from the experience of New Zealand in this matter.

Much has been said in older countries during the last twenty years of the reckless audacity of the people of New Zealand in venturing on new experiments in political economy, and their

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headlong haste in proceeding from one innovation to another and the grant of equal political rights to women has been referred to as an instance of this tendency. A glance at the history of the legislation ending in this reform may serve to show that the criticism of it is hardly deserved. Under New Zealand's original constitution as a self-governing state the political franchise was made as nearly as possible like that prevailing in England fifty years ago; and it need hardly be said the idea of women voting for members of Parliament never entered into the minds of those who drew it up and secured its acceptance by the British Parliament. The powers of self-government were granted to New Zealand in 1853, and it was not until 1877 that the first step was taken towards the political emancipation of the women of the young country. The step taken was one which has long been familiar in some of the American States and merely gave to female as well as male householders the right to take part in the election of school boards and to serve on such boards if elected by a majority of the voters. It may be noted as somewhat characteristic of New Zealand conditions that neither this nor any other step towards the grant of full electoral rights was taken at the request of those most directly interested. No petitions had been made to the Legislature to grant the new privilege; no agitation had taken place in its favor. The reason given in Parliament by those who moved to strike out the word "male" from the franchise clause of the statute as originally proposed was simply this, that female householders were likely to take as deep and as intelligent an interest in the education of their children as those of the other sex. Experience showed that they had been right. Some three years later a second step was taken when the power to grant hotel and other licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors was placed in each district in the hands of a board elected once in three years by the votes of the rate-payers. The experience of the interest taken in School Board matters by the female voters led to the proposal being made that all rate-payers, whether men or women, should have the right to take part in the election of the new Licensing Boards; and, in spite of a good deal of opposition, the proposal was agreed to. Again experience justified the extended franchise. The female rate-payers took an active and an intelligent interest in the question, and it was found that their influence was usually cast strongly

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in favor of the most reliable candidates for election. Three or four years later a statute was brought before the Legislature to provide for the election of Municipal Councils and Mayors throughout the country on a uniform system; and again the question was raised as to whether women as well as men should not be intrusted with the franchise, which they had used so well in the cases of School Boards and Licensing Committees. After some opposition the influence of public experience proved too strong for the opponents of the proposal, and the municipal franchise was extended to householders of both sexes. Once more experience confirmed the wisdom of the concession. The female voters took as keen an interest in municipal affairs as they had done before in the other public questions placed in their hands; votes were recorded by as large a proportion of women as of men on the rolls, and in some cases women were elected members of City Councils and in two or three instances as Mayors.

It was not till eight or nine years more had passed that any further extension of the franchise was proposed, and, it may be added, no agitation whatever took place in favor of such a change. In the mean time, however, the female voters had taken full advantage of the extended powers given them by the statutes already passed. At elections for School Boards, for Licensing Boards and for the members of municipal governments the women who were authorized to vote did so in a proportion of about ninety per cent. and were, as a rule, to be relied on to vote on the side of moderation and common sense. The difficulties anticipated by many persons, consequent on the excitement that might prevail at some elections, did not arise, but, on the contrary, it was found that the elections in which women took part were quieter and more orderly than any others. It was under these circumstances that, in the beginning of 1893, a statute was proposed by the Executive then in power extending the franchise to every person of full age in the country, whether male or female.

The new statute was not passed by the Legislature without opposition; indeed, it only secured a bare majority in the Legislative Council—the New Zealand equivalent to a Senate—though it was readily accepted by a considerable majority in the popular Chamber. The single ground relied on by those who proposed and those who supported the new franchise was, it may be specially noted, the ground of experience. Nobody indulged in high-

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flown speeches about the inalienable rights of women, owing, perhaps, to the fact that speeches of this kind would not have advanced the cause either with the Legislature or the public. The practical benefit of the people as a whole has for the last forty years been the ideal present to the minds of the great majority of New-Zealanders; and it is to this, more than to anything else, that the unusual character of the legislation of the country may fairly be ascribed. In the matter of the extended franchise, therefore, it was not theory, but practical experience that won the day. It was not because women were human beings as much as men; it was not even because they were intelligent human beings to whom men were ready to intrust the care of their homes and families; it was because they believed on the evidence of experience that women, if they could vote, would take an intelligent interest in public questions and would by their votes forward the best interests of the country and its people.

The statute extending the franchise to women was passed in the year 1893, and since then there have been six Parliaments elected by the joint votes of the men and women of New Zealand. In all of these elections the women of the country have taken their full share. The proportion of women who voted at each election compared with those whose names were on the rolls have been almost exactly the same as that of the male voters. There are not at present in New Zealand as many women as men, and the actual voting power of the women is nearly ten per cent. less than that of the men. Practically, however, all who can do so vote at each election. The fears expressed at the time the franchise was given them that the result would be either that the women would vote just as their husbands and fathers told them to vote or that the new privilege would mean dissension in families and the practical degradation of the women have not been justified by experience. The women of New Zealand vote at elections as a matter of course just as they partake of their meals or do any other ordinary duty of every-day life. The principal change produced by the new order of things, as far as the family life of the people is concerned, would seem to be that what may be called political questions have become matters of general interest instead of being, as formerly, matters which were tacitly presumed to be outside the sphere of one-half the family.

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It is not so easy to say with any degree of certainty what the effect of granting the suffrage to women has been on the policy of the country. New Zealand, like every other popularly governed country, enjoys the benefits and at times suffers the disadvantages of party politics and party government, but there appears little reason to suppose that the addition of the woman's vote has seriously altered the strength of either of them. It was supposed at first that this vote would greatly strengthen the party of Labor, but this does not seem to be the case. The supposition was that it would have this effect because all women of the laboring class would be sure to vote while others would not. Experience, however, has proved that, as a matter of fact, all women voters exercise their rights quite as readily as the men and appear to be divided in political opinion in very nearly the same proportions.

There are two questions on which the woman's vote would seem to have had a good deal of influence: one of these is the question of prohibitory legislation, curtailing with the view of the ultimate extinction of the sale of all intoxicating liquors in the country; the other is the increased influence which personal character has in determining the prospects of candidates for members of the Legislature of the Dominion. Local option as to licensing houses for the sale of liquor has existed throughout the Dominion for a quarter of a century, but since the franchise has been extended to women there has been a steadily increasing pressure in the direction of making the option national and substituting a bare majority as necessary to give effect to it for the three-fifths majority required by the existing law. The question is one on which strong differences of opinion exist, but there can be no doubt that the women's vote is relied on by the extreme "Temperance" party as their main support. The professional politician was a thing unknown in New Zealand until about thirty years ago, and even since then he has not been a very familiar figure: he was, however, creeping in, and the country certainly owes something to its women for the general opposition they are believed to have extended to candidates of this sort.

So far I have spoken only of the experience of New Zealand with regard to this question both in the manner in which the reform was brought about and in the results that have followed during the sixteen years since the full electoral franchise was extended to the women of the Dominion. A good deal has been

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said and written in other countries as to the success that has attended New Zealand's experiment; and as a political object-lesson it should unquestionably be of value to many older and more populous countries. There is some danger, however, involved in using the experience of other countries without at the same time taking into account differences that exist, or may exist, between their conditions and those of the country to which it is sought to apply them. In the case of New Zealand and America, for instance, this is true to a somewhat unusual extent. In some respects no two communities could well be less alike in their conditions than the great Republic of America and the small Dominion of the South Pacific; and among these differences perhaps the most remarkable is the nature and condition of the population. It is not merely that America is a country nearly thirty times as large as New Zealand and probably ninety times as populous; this, no doubt, is important, but it is very far from being the most important point of difference in its relation to the question of the woman's vote. New Zealand is a young country, the citizens of which are practically all of one race with similar traditions, ideals and language: America is a country which has found room for, but has certainly not yet assimilated to any great extent, millions of citizens, drawn from every country of Europe as well as from some Asiatic countries and from Africa. New Zealand is a country settled under very special conditions, and its people are in consequence drawn mainly from the more or less fully educated classes of Great Britain, while all have had for more than a generation the advantage of an excellent system of education which has been so far appreciated that out of the whole population, including aboriginal natives as well as settlers of British race over eight years of age, about ninety-seven per cent. can both read and write English and possess the elements of a fairly good English education. It can hardly be necessary to dwell on the contrast between such a condition of things and that which prevails to-day in America or even in England.

If the question of the right of women to exercise the political franchise is a merely abstract one, dependent on an inherent right, apart from the results likely to follow on its exercise, then, it may be said, all such considerations as these are out of place. This, however, has been very far from the opinion of those who have been responsible for the New Zealand experiment. Their

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view has been frankly utilitarian and has never rested on any theory of abstract rights. The benefit of the great majority, not the privilege of any section of the community, however considerable, has been throughout the ideal aimed at in New Zealand's legislation; and necessarily the reasonable probability of benefiting the nation as a whole by any change in the electoral laws would, from this point of view, be the first consideration. In a country situated as America now is, in which a large percentage of the people have sprung from races that have never had any direct representation in the government of the countries to which they belonged and have had little or no personal experience of free institutions, the question how far the grant of a greatly extended franchise would be likely to affect the political life of the nation could hardly fail to be a serious one. Any reasonable observer would, doubtless, agree that the extent to which the franchise has been acquired by men who are foreigners in every essential has tended greatly to degrade the political life of America; the question naturally arises, Would matters be improved by doubling the numbers of foreign voters wholly ignorant of the first principles of free representative government?

There are probably very few persons at all familiar with the working of the extended franchise in New Zealand who are not fully convinced of its success. It has had a distinct tendency to consolidate public opinion, and, at the same time, it has greatly increased the interest and widened the outlook of nearly half the population on many subjects of importance to the future of the country. The very fact that the minds of men and women are, as a rule, differently constituted in some important respects would seem to be a reason for bringing both of these types of intelligence to bear on all questions that affect the well-being of both; and as far as the test of a sixteen years' experiment can be relied on, this appears to be the conclusion of New Zealand. It is not, therefore, with the idea of throwing any doubt on the desirability of intrusting to the women of a free people such a share in the responsibility of the legislation and government of their country as the possession of the franchise can give that I have called attention to the fact that different conditions may require different treatment.

The gradual process by which the reform in the electoral law was brought about in New Zealand may suggest the means by

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which the extension of the franchise may safely be accomplished elsewhere. The fact that the women of New Zealand were, owing to circumstances, better prepared as a body than those of either America or England to undertake new and grave responsibilities is not a reason for the refusal of the suffrage to the women of those countries, though it may be an excellent reason for its postponement. The New Zealand experience, it may be claimed, goes to show that the woman's vote may be a most valuable aid to the good government of a country if the women of the country generally are both able and willing to use their newly acquired privileges intelligently and with a sense of responsibility: it certainly goes no farther than this. In New Zealand, where nearly everything was favorable to its success, this was a matter of gradual education.

It is not necessary to point out that no claim is made on behalf of the women of New Zealand that they are superior, either naturally or as a matter of general education, to many of the women of America or England. It is, however, to be borne in mind that they have had a special education in politics on a practical basis such as has had absolutely no equivalent in America or England. In Australia the example of New Zealand in extending the franchise has been followed, but as far as yet appears with far less satisfactory results than have been realized in the island Dominion. The main distinction would seem to be that, while in New Zealand all the women entitled to vote exercise the privilege, in Australia it is mainly the women of one class only that do so. This may well be the consequence of the attempt to dispense in Australia with the preliminary training which the extension of the suffrage to women step by step gave to the women of New Zealand. Australia, it may be noted, contains a population more mixed in origin than the neighboring Dominion, though by no means so mixed as that of America.

In short, it may be said that the New Zealand experiment in female suffrage, while successful in the country of its origin, is marked by serious limitations. The risks to be incurred and the difficulties to be overcome there were different both in kind and degree from those that must be reckoned with elsewhere; and assuredly the success of female suffrage in New Zealand cannot fairly be used as an argument for any sudden change in the electoral system in other countries.

HUGH H. LUSK.

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TO AN IONIAN BOY.

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

Boy of Mitylene! thou
Of the immortal foot and brow,
Sailing o'er the harbor-sea
In my boat that hideth thee,
Fleeing from the Turkish power
That defiles thine Asian bower,
Seeking that far western shore,
Where thy hopes have gone before
Even with thy childish years
Through heavy toil and orphan tears!—
Thou, whose eyes of wonder see
The American in me;
Confident to take my hand
As an earnest of the land
That shall mother thee and thine,
Our common mother, thine and mine!
I wonder at thy courage, child,
Venturing the unknown wild;
The ticket, hidden in thy sole,
Thy anchor where the great seas roll;
The White Star, pinned within thy shirt
Thy only talisman from hurt;
Earth's and ocean's waif thou art!
Waif of God! brave is thy heart!

Three hundred years have passed away
Since upon the Devon bay
Rowed the English emigrant
From whose loins my line I vaunt.

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Centuries three their leaves have shed
Since on the rock he made his bed,
And helped to build with axe and book
The land to which all nations look.
Generations nine have wrought
To save and better what he brought;
Each, in turn, on land and sea,
Toiling for the next to be.
Lo, the forest fell like wheat;
Cities blossomed round their feet;
Came war, came peace, came war again;
And now 'twas muscle, now 'twas brain;
And now 'twas gold, and now 'twas blood;
All things tried them,—firm they stood;
And the land from sea to sea
Spread, and was filled with liberty;
And serving mankind more and more
The race found sweetness at the core,—
A hand of welcome for all men,
And free to all the book, the pen.

So grew the world my boyhood trod,
Thy home to be, thy sky, thy sod,
And climbed Time's zodiac to shed
Heaven's horn of blessing on thy head.
To this end my fathers toiled;
Take thou the heritage unsoiled,—
Years of ever milder power,
Years of ever wealthier dower;
Make free to all the tool, the soil,—
So shalt thou share the mighty toil!
For now full circuit comes the wheel;
The land a newer blood doth feel,
Thine and others; take thy turn,
And with the new world's passion burn!
Unto thee we give the state,
Rich and glorious, free and great;
To the old blood I belong;
Swan-like dies it in my song;

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And all that was of life and love,
Behold I am the fruit thereof,—
Speeding on the ocean track,
To the old world turning back,
And now unto thy land I come
As the spirit travels home.

When again three hundred years
Have torn their way through blood and tears
(For this old world will not change,
Howsoe'er men roam and range),
Some boy beautiful with grace
Dropt from thy vanished form and face,
Shall proudly trace his humble line
To Lesbos, and to thee and thine.
Over ocean will he come,
Seeking the ancestral home,
Where freedom's war-cry with fierce clang
First against the tyrant rang,
Where Sappho loved, Alcæus sang.
Will he look on sea and sun,
On isle and mount, as I have done,—
Youngest born of time's last race,
On his knees lay down his face,
Mourning in his lonely mind,
Finding what he weeps to find?—
The old forms gone from grove and hill,
The armor rust, the music still;
The gods of Greece long overthrown,
The temples razed, the statues down;
Scant relics of the brain and hand
That for the soul all beauty planned!
Ah, not for this his tears shall roll,
For plinth and coin, for bust and scroll;
He weeps the ruin of the soul.

O City of the violet crown!
  O race familiar with the god!
O lyric isles! O civic town!
  The soul's first home was this dear sod!

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O Greece, when first the race began
To know itself, and reason clear,
Thou the Creator wast of man!
Thou didst abolish human fear!
And still from thee he takes the best
That his dark spirit can enjoy;—
Because Greece held thee to her breast,
Therefore I love thee, wandering boy!
Nothing in all the world so sweet
As was the message of her feet;
Nothing in all the world so dear
As now her human hopes appear;
Nothing in all the world so wise
As was the bright death in her eyes;
O wisest, dearest, sweetest far,
In love and beauty, sport and war!
Then shall that far American,
Who out of thee shall be made man,
Looking on plain and sea and sky,
Unto his gods lift up his cry:—
"O Land of Promise in the west,
So to the shades go thou not down!
Nor with great Athens take thy rest,
My country of the heavenly crown!"

Fair befall thee, tender child!
Seek thou my home; grow sweet, grow mild!
And fair befall thy race to be,—
Fairer than hath fallen to me!

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

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THE NEW REIGN IN ENGLAND.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

KING EDWARD'S death naturally spoiled to some extent Mr. Roosevelt's visit. There had been prepared for him a welcome such as England has never, perhaps, accorded to any foreigner. The greetings he received on the Continent were to have reached their climax in the official, and still more the popular, enthusiasm that was awaiting him when he stepped on British soil. The whole country was looking forward with an intensity of interest, unique in my experience, to entertaining him and to being entertained by him. Most of these anticipations had, of course, to be foregone. The death of the King and the accession of the new sovereign threw Mr. Roosevelt into the shade and converted his stay in England from a public into a private function. Nevertheless, the ex-President made the most of his limited opportunities, met, with hardly an exception, every one who amounted to anything, received the freedom of the city in the Guildhall, was publicly honored both by Oxford and Cambridge, and contrived to give the English people a taste of his quality. The English people, I need hardly add, found the taste very much to their liking. They had never encountered, they had hardly ever imagined, any one at all like Mr. Roosevelt. On all with whom he came in contact he left an impression of admiration dashed with amazement. The prodigious vitality, the fulness, vehemence, and prismatic play of his talk, conquered alike publicists, divines, statesmen, journalists, sportsmen, administrators, authors, and undergraduates. No one could have had a greater social success and no one could have deserved it or enjoyed it more thoroughly. Directly King Edward's funeral was over, the public began to transfer its attention to Mr. Roosevelt and to show an insatiable appetite for a daily record of his doings and sayings. It was, of

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course, expected of him that, having lectured the Parisians on the iniquity of race-suicide and the good people of The Hague on the righteousness of war, he would not leave England without having had his say on some topic of controversy. His chance came when the freedom of the city was presented to him at the Guildhall before an audience that included much of what is best in England.

After saying many things that were both pleasant and true about British rule in East Africa, Uganda, and the Soudan, Mr. Roosevelt proceeded to say many other things that were more true than pleasant about British rule in Egypt. Ought he to have said them? Well, he would not be Mr. Roosevelt if he hadn't; and personally, although many journals complained of the impropriety of his utterance and many more disputed its philosophy and its facts, I believe that he rendered England a conspicuous service by speaking out. No Englishman, unless it be Lord Cromer, who, by the bye, punctuated Mr. Roosevelt's speech with approving "Hear, hears," could have so effectually compelled the nation to face the situation in Egypt and to realize the perils that hesitancy and a misguided sentimentalism are storing up on the banks of the Nile. If it be said—and naturally it was said—that, after all, it was none of Mr. Roosevelt's business, the answer was that he could not make a more substantial return for the honor done him than to warn his hosts of the danger that threatened their interests from the aims and character of Egyptian Nationalism. Three-fourths of the Guildhall speech was a eulogy of British administration that must have convinced every ruler and statesman on the Continent that the British Empire has in Mr. Roosevelt a resolute and appreciative friend. The other fourth was a criticism, a just and pertinent criticism, of the defects of British rule in one particular district. No doubt it was the kind of criticism that Sir Edward Grey, who is responsible for British policy in Egypt and who was present at the Guildhall meeting, did not relish. None the less, its ultimate effect will, I believe, be good. Thanks to Mr. Roosevelt, the Egyptian problem will from now onwards take the place that its seriousness demands. Almost all who are acquainted with its principal features welcomed the ex-President's outspokenness as being precisely what was needed to stir the British people out of their habitual somnolence and induce them to take the necessary

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precautions against a menace the reality of which is indisputable. Englishmen as a whole, so far from resenting Mr. Roosevelt's speech, were grateful for it, and willingly overlooked the breach of the conventions he committed in making it. They would not care to see such a harangue as he delivered become the common form of acknowledgment among recipients of the freedom of the city; but they are well aware there is no danger of that. In England as in America it is now thoroughly understood that the ex-President is a law unto himself, that the precedents he seems to set are really not precedents at all because no one but himself would venture to follow them, and that his departures from the ordinary ways of doing things are always designed to serve a specific and practical end. It is safe to say that as the result of his visit England feels more than ever drawn toward Mr. Roosevelt and will follow his future career with an interest such as no other statesman of to-day is able to inspire.

But the death of King Edward had other and more momentous results than that of diverting attention from the ex-President. For one thing it completely transformed the political situation. It interposed a providential truce precisely at the moment when everything seemed hurrying towards an irrepressible crisis. Had King Edward lived we should now be either engaged in, or on the very verge of, a general election; the Prime Minister would have approached the Crown with a request for guarantees that the opposition of the House of Lords to the Liberal programme would be overborne by the creation of, or by the threat to create, a sufficient number of Peers to give the Liberals a temporary majority in the Second Chamber; the request would undoubtedly have been refused; and all parties would have been feverishly preparing for the inevitable combat, a combat that would have involved the very foundations of the British State. No doubt King Edward would have endeavored to postpone or avert it; but there is unhappily little reason to believe he would have succeeded. It was one of the curious features of his reign that the normal action of the Crown in composing differences between the Government and the Opposition was virtually suspended. A great figure and a still greater force on the stage of European politics, King Edward failed to exercise in the affairs of his own kingdom anything like the authority that Queen Victoria commanded. On some of the reasons for this failure I touched at

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the time the Lords threw out the Budget, and it is not now necessary to recapitulate them. They were the product at bottom of the social alienation which existed between King Edward and the old English aristocracy, and which considerably detracted from his influence as umpire whenever a clash occurred between the Commons and the Lords. On three separate occasions he strove to save the measures of the late Government from destruction in the Upper House and each time he failed. He sought, and sought in vain, to effect a compromise on the Education Bill of 1906, to bring about the acceptance of the Licensing Bill two years later, and to prevent the rejection of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. It is not, therefore, likely that he would have succeeded at the eleventh hour in heading off the gathering crisis amid which his closing days were passed, a crisis in which party feelings have been stirred to the last degree of exasperation. It may, indeed, be said without any exaggeration that the shock of King Edward's death and the emotions roused by it have contributed more to the cause of political peace than he could have effected had he lived.

The change wrought by the demise of the Crown is threefold. In the first place the people feel that to hold an orgy of factional strife over the grave of Edward the Peacemaker is to dishonor both his memory and their own best instincts. A month or more has passed, as I write, since the death of the most popular sovereign who ever sat on the throne of Great Britain; and every minute has reinforced the national desire that party wranglings should cease. A truce leading to a settlement by consent is, it is felt, the only tribute that can worthily be rendered to the dead King. It is a tribute, it is also felt, not less due to his successor. The general notion of King George V as a somewhat colorless and indeterminate personality is, I am assured, altogether wrong. But no sovereign, however competent or resolute, could possibly wish to open his reign by making the most momentous political decision that any British ruler has been called upon to make for nearly a hundred years. No sovereign, again, would wish his coronation to take place in the midst of a bitter party turmoil of an incalculably perilous process of Constitutional upheaval. The English people feel profoundly that King George should be allowed fair play, that there should be no attempt to hustle him, that time should be given him to look round and take

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a few observations, and that Great Britain cannot plunge forthwith into the passions of party polemics without lowering her whole reputation for sane and dignified politics. What it comes to, therefore, is that the death of King Edward and the accession of King George have tragically disposed the minds of the people, and to some extent of the politicians, towards harmony and appeasement; that the contentions which divide parties, grave and ever vital as they are, seem trivial almost to insignificance in the presence of the national loss; and that the nation never loathed more intensely than at this moment a continuation of the whole wretched controversy, and was never more earnestly set of putting an end to it by compromise.

This disposition towards an armistice is strengthened by the fact that an armistice of a sort is inevitable. Here we reach the second of the changes in the political situation brought about by the King's death. The Ministerial programme of two months ago cannot now be carried out for the simple reason that the accession of a new sovereign makes it obligatory on Parliament to give precedence to business of another kind. The new Civil List has to be arranged; as the Heir-Apparent is still two years under age, a Regency Bill must be brought in and passed; and there is also a strong feeling that King George should be relieved from the necessity of beginning his reign by insulting the religious convictions of many millions of his subjects. The British throne cannot by law be occupied by any one but a Protestant, but, as matters stand at present, the King, in making his Royal Declaration, is obliged to repudiate certain cherished doctrines and practices of Roman Catholicism as "superstitious and idolatrous." I think the general sentiment of the country is all in favor of omitting these obnoxious adjectives. But I am not less sure that the attempt to delete them from the Royal Declaration will not succeed without a certain amount of Parliamentary commotion. On matters of this kind the least pleasing traits in the British character are apt to be the most prominent. Already the familiar fanatics are in full cry. If you had happened to be in the Queen's Hall in London on June 6th you would have found the building crammed with fervid bigots protesting against any alteration in the terms of the Royal Declaration as "a grievous hurt to the feelings of the people of Great Britain and a danger to their liberties." But those who approve the Declaration as it

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stands to-day are, I should hope, a noisy but ineffectual minority. The real battle in Parliament is likely to be waged between those who think it enough that the sovereign should declare himself a Protestant and those who think that, in addition, he should disavow Roman Catholicism, but should disavow it in language at which no Catholic could reasonably take offence. There is, as a matter of fact, no legal need for any Declaration at all, the Protestant succession being already amply guaranteed by the Act of Settlement. But, out of deference to the weaker brethren, the Prime Minister is hardly likely to propose that the Declaration, instead of being merely changed, should be done away with altogether. The fight, as I have said, will probably be between those who regard the positive affirmation of Protestantism as sufficient and those who desire in addition a definite but not an insulting repudiation of Catholicism.

But in any case, and even if the question of the Royal Declaration is not taken in hand immediately, enough remains with the Navy Estimates, the new Civil List, the Regency Bill, and the voting of Supply—business which cannot be postponed—to carry the House of Commons well into July. It will then be necessary to introduce the Budget for 1910-11, a development which two months ago hardly anybody anticipated could possibly take place until after a general election. Mr. Lloyd George's new Budget is not, of course, likely to prove so contentious as the old one; but it seems certain that a deficit will have to be faced, that new taxes will have to be imposed, and that if paupers are no longer to be regarded as disqualified for old-age pensions, fresh and productive sources of revenue will have to be found. In any event, the Budget and the necessary business of carrying on the government can hardly be disposed of before the first or second week in August; and by that time it will be time to adjourn for the summer holidays. It appears, therefore, out of the question that the original Ministerial programme of approaching the Crown with a request for guarantees of safe-conduct on behalf of the Liberal bills abolishing the Lords' veto on finance, and severely limiting it on all ordinary measures, can be carried out. One would say definitely that it cannot be carried out were it not for the Lords. When Parliament reassembled on June 8th, the Lords found themselves confronted with two sets of resolutions; first, the Rosebery Resolutions laying down the general principles

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for a reform of the Upper House, and secondly, and more important, the Government's Resolutions abolishing or restricting the veto. What action the Lords may take in regard to the Rosebery Resolutions is not a matter of very great concern at this moment. But their action in regard to the Government's Resolutions may powerfully affect the course of events. If they were to reject them outright, for instance, the Government could not possibly ignore the challenge, and would be obliged to proceed with its original plan of campaign. If, on the other hand, they were to refuse to discuss them until they had been embodied in the form of a bill, the Government, I apprehend, would scarcely either dissolve or resign without incurring the strong condemnation of public opinion. It would be virtually compelled to hold the question over till the autumn session, if only to avoid the appearance of coercing the new King within a few weeks of his accession. Unless, therefore, the Lords are so unwise as to reject the Government's Resolutions forthwith, the chances, in my judgment, favor the postponement of the Constitutional issue for another three or four months. The prospects of a peaceful settlement in that event will, of course, be correspondingly brighter.

The third essential in which the situation has been changed by King Edward's death is the personality of the sovereign. While in some ways King George is less qualified to grapple with the crisis than was his father, in other ways he is more so. He is, for one thing, a far keener politician and far more intimately acquainted with the pros and cons of the question at issue. Furthermore, he is in touch with the English aristocracy to a considerably greater degree than was King Edward, and could, if necessary, appeal to them with more telling effect. These are valuable assets from the standpoint of a possible accommodation between the parties, and their value is increased, first by the certainty that if the worst comes to the worst King George will not flinch, and secondly by the universal desire, to which I have previously alluded, that the new reign should not be jeopardized by the continuation of a suicidal strife. But a "universal desire" of this nature is necessarily an unorganized desire, and the "average man" is something very different from the average M. P. The country longs for peace, but it has no means of imposing it upon the politicians; and I see no statesman who is strong enough and free enough to take an effective step towards reason and com-

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promise. If King George were to stake everything on an endeavor to bring about a give-and-take settlement, he might just succeed; but the effort would have to be prodigious and the risk of failure would be very considerable. The fact is that although there are many propitious influences favoring appeasement, the country is so bereft of really commanding leaders, the difficulties in which each party is involved are so real and complex, and the old Adam of Parliamentary strife is so easily aroused, that to be sanguine of any peaceable adjustment is very difficult. Matters have gone so far that no adjustment is possible without heavy sacrifices on all sides, sacrifices such as the meekest of party leaders would hesitate long before recommending to his followers. While, therefore, one may say that the accession of George V has delayed the consummation of the crisis, and by delaying it has strengthened the hope that it may after all be averted; and while the nation from many and varied motives is zealous for a settlement—I should not care to prophesy that a way out of the tangle will be reached by consent. My impression is rather that sooner or later the struggle will be renewed with all its old bitterness, and that an accommodation in the form of a compromise will only become possible when all the combatants have convinced themselves of the futility of fighting further.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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GOLDWIN SMITH.*

THERE is a branch of history which, although in our day historians have ceased to deal exclusively with diplomacy, politics and war, receives even yet, but seldom, the separate and careful treatment that might bring out its full significance. In a modern historical narrative we are sure to read, not only about warriors and statesmen, but also about the conquerors in the fields of scientific research, in astronomy, physics, chemistry and biology, about the inventors who enrich mankind with the practical applications of scientific principles, about theologians, legists, men of letters, painters, sculptors and architects. We still hear relatively little, on the other hand, about the men who stand in the background, so far as any active part in public life or special investigation is concerned, but who interpret more or less correctly the meaning of current events, who direct more or less consciously the general tendencies of their contemporaries, and who shape more or less decisively the attitude of their generation towards the problems of daily life. We can exemplify the place occupied and the functions discharged by such interested and alert onlookers, if we recall the part played by Erasmus in the first third, and, less conspicuously, by Montaigne in the last third, of the sixteenth century; by Pascal in the first half, and by Hobbes and Locke in the last half, of the seventeenth; by Montesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau in the eighteenth; by Goethe in the first quarter, and, so far as Britons and Americans could be reached, by Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson in the third quarter, of the nineteenth century. The comments made by such detached but watchful spectators of the drama unfolded in the struggles, achievements and failures of mankind are illuminative and helpful, because they are uttered from a coign of vantage like the tower imagined by Lucretius as commanding

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a wide prospect of a tossing sea, a view-point which enables the observer to see social phenomena in their right perspective and true dimensions.

In Western countries, no generation since the Renaissance has been entirely deprived of the benefit derivable from such impartial commentaries and far-sighted suggestions; and, although, from the instinctive disposition to extol times past, we of to-day may conceive ourselves in this respect less happy than our fathers, there is no doubt that we possess on this side of the Atlantic men who, in a certain measure at least, perform for us the same useful function, and among them may be specified Goldwin Smith. It is mainly as a commentator on contemporary affairs, and on those historical events which have a direct bearing on the present state of things, that we purpose here to mark briefly the work done by Goldwin Smith.

By way of preface, the barest outline of a biography may be desirable. To that purpose, however, we can devote only a few sentences. Goldwin Smith was educated at Eton, after which he matriculated at University College, Oxford, where he not only gained a Double First (a first class in classics and in mathematics), but also the Hertford and Ireland Scholarships (which attest a still higher grade of proficiency in the Greek and Latin languages); the Chancellor's prize for Latin Verse; the Latin Essay prize and the English Essay prize. Early in the fifties, he was appointed, in conjunction with Arthur Stanley (subsequently Dean of Westminster), a Secretary of the Royal Commission appointed to reform the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and in that capacity was credited with doing more than any or all of his colleagues to bring about the drastic changes which revolutionized those hidebound institutions. In 1858, he was made Regius Professor of Modern History, the office which was to be filled successively by his coevals, Stubbs, Freeman and Froude. An unflinching and outspoken champion of the North during our Civil War, he visited the United States in 1868; resigned his post at Oxford to become Honorary Professor of English and Constitutional History in Cornell University; and in 1871 went to Canada, where he has since resided.

The list of his published writings is suggestive of the habitual drift of this thought. In the long catalogue, perhaps three works should be specifically mentioned as being the most widely known,

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the most influential, and the most likely to prove durable, to wit, his "Political History of the United Kingdom"; his "Political History of the United States," which is rather a philosophical disquisition than a pictorial narrative, and for that very reason possesses a peculiar value; and, finally, the compact but full-freighted volume entitled "Essays on Questions of the Day."

In a long-remembered course of lectures, delivered at Oxford, on the statesmen of the Commonwealth, the substance of which is reproduced concisely in "The History of the United Kingdom," Goldwin Smith anticipated Carlyle in forming and impressing conceptions of Eliot, Pym, Hampden and, above all, of Cromwell, which are now generally accepted as correct. Singularly enlightening is his answer to the question, What did Pym and Hampden mean to do with the Church and Commonwealth when they had beaten the King? "The Church, of course, they meant to make Puritan, probably with an episcopate unmitred and reduced in power;" a counterpart, in fact, of what we see in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States; for neither Pym nor Hampden was, in principle, opposed, as the Presbyterians and Independents were, to that form of church government. "As to the Commonwealth, both of them were monarchists, though they wished to put the monarch under Parliamentary control." Yet they could never have set Charles I again upon his throne. The conviction, founded upon repeated experience, that no faith could be put in his pledges and concessions, however solemn, was their motive and justification for drawing the sword. To what expedient, then, must they eventually have had recourse? The reply is: "Probably, they would have done what was done by their political heirs in 1688, they would have kept the monarchy, but changed the dynasty. Lewis, the young Elector-Palatine, son of the Protestant idol, the Electress Elizabeth, had appeared in England, and the eyes of the people had been turned to him." To Goldwin Smith, therefore, it seems not unlikely that, had the party of Pym and Hampden prevailed, the young Elector might have been called to the constitutional throne, to which the patriots of 1688 called William of Orange. Of Cromwell in the same work we read that "he had no love of sabre-sway. Like Cæsar, unlike Napoleon, he had been a politician before he was a soldier, and he had always shown himself loyal in principle to the supremacy of the civil

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power." Goldwin Smith's researches led him to conclude that Cromwell's aim may fairly be said to have been, "after the closing of the wounds of the Civil War by amnesty, to resettle the Government on a broad national basis," in accordance with the habits and traditions of the people, securing to the nation at the same time the substantial objects, religious and political, the religious objects, above all, for which the civil sword had been drawn. "From the conference which Cromwell held at the critical moment with leading men, soldiers and lawyers, to take soundings of opinion as to the settlement of the Constitution, it appears that his own leaning was in favor of something monarchical, whether with the old or with a new name." Herein Goldwin Smith can see no apostasy. Cromwell had drawn his sword in a religious cause, with which the cause of civil liberty was identified, but had never proclaimed himself a republican, though he had republicans among his brethren in arms, and had, no doubt, listened to them with sympathy, and, perhaps, flattered their aspirations. Evidently, he had been willing to restore the King, if the King could have been bound effectually to mend his ways. "That Cromwell was still true to liberty, Milton, no bad judge, must have been convinced when he wrote his sonnet. Though the poet knew that Cromwell had suffered detraction, yet over this, as over his enemies in war, he hailed him triumphant and beckoned him on to victories of peace and to the rescue of free conscience, whereof he regards him as the hope." In a word, the true view of Cromwell's character is pronounced to be that which represents him as raised from step to step by circumstances, without far-reaching ambition or settled plan.

In the second volume of his history of "The United Kingdom," Goldwin Smith brought out clearly for the first time the essential and far-reaching difference between the form of federal government created in 1867 by the British North America Act for the Dominion of Canada and that which we see exemplified in the Constitution of the United States. The difference is thus stated in a nutshell: "In the case of Canadian confederation, the national element has been from the first stronger than the federal in this respect, that the residuary power which the American organic law leaves in the States was, by the Canadian Constitution, assigned to the Dominion." Moreover: "The Canadian Constitution, though framed in the main by Canadian

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politicians, is set forth in an imperial Act of Parliament, subject to repeal or amendment only by the same authority by which it was passed." The inference seems warranted that "a community living under a Constitution imposed by external authority, and without the power of making peace or war, can hardly be said yet to have attained the status of a nation."

The outline of the political history of the United States was recognized at the time of its publication as a marvel of condensation and lucidity. In no other book, whether from the pen of De Tocqueville, or from that of Bryce, has the same field been covered so succinctly and so well. Of the five chapters—there are no more—the first deals with the colonial epoch, the second, with the Revolutionary period, the third and fourth review the history of the Federal Government to the outbreak of the Civil War, and the fifth depicts the era of rupture and reconstruction. Every page of the brief essay is enriched with striking and incisive comments that challenge the reader to reconsider carefully, if not to change, his personal views of historical persons and events.

Among the living and urgent problems examined in the volume comprising "Essays on Questions of the Day," none is now more opportune and useful than that which considers the prospect and the inevitable limits of social and industrial revolution. It should be, of course, kept in mind that the standpoint of Goldwin Smith is that of a Liberal of the old school as yet unconverted to State Socialism, who still looks for further improvement, not to increased Governmental interference, but to individual effort, free association and the same agencies, moral, intellectual and economical, which have brought us thus far, and one of which, science, is now operating with immensely augmented power. In a word, Goldwin Smith accounts it the function of Government to protect these agencies, not to supersede them.

Not that he lacks deep and fervent sympathy with the effort of reformers to relieve the mass of working-men from social and political disabilities. No man with a brain and a heart, he says, can fail to be penetrated with a sense of the unequal distribution of wealth, or to be willing to try any experiment which may hold out a reasonable hope of putting an end to poverty. By the success of such an experiment, the happiness of the rich, of such, at least, of them as are good men, would be increased

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far more than their riches would be diminished. Only the Nihilist, however, would desire blindly to plunge society into chaos. Goldwin Smith sees that it is plainly beyond man's power to alter the fundamental conditions of his being. "There are inequalities, greater even than those of wealth, which are fixed, not by human lawgivers, but by nature, such as those of health, strength, intellectual power and length of life; and these draw other inequalities with them. Justice is human. Where inequality is the fiat, not of man, but of power above man, it is idle for any practical purpose to assail it as injustice."

No doubt the difference between a good and a bad workman is, partly at least, the act of nature; but to give the same wages to the good workman and the bad, as Communists propose, while it might be just from some superhuman point of view, would yet, from the only view-point which mankind can practically attain, be pronounced by Goldwin Smith unjust. His views of man's future is a sanguine one. He keeps in view the fact that steady industry, aided by the ever-growing powers of practical science, is rapidly augmenting wealth. He can discern no cause for doubting that thrift and increased facilities for saving and for the employment of small capitals, will promote the equality of distribution. "Let Governments see," he says, "that labor is allowed to enjoy its full earnings, untaxed by war, waste or iniquitous tariffs. The best of all taxes, it has been truly averred, is the smallest. With equal truth it may be said that the best of all Governments is that which has least occasion to govern."

Of recent years Goldwin Smith has evinced, now and then, an inclination to turn his attention from political, social and economical inquiries to the haunting problems concerning a future life and man's relation to the cosmos. Some of his thoughts upon this subject have been set forth in "Rational Religion and Rationalistic Objections"; and in "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence." His specific view-point is that of an agnostic, but of one who recalls tenderly and gratefully the beauty and the nobility with which faith, in elevating and benign religions, has dignified and embellished human nature. Of such blessings he would hold fast to as much as is compatible with a paramount reverence for truth.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

FICTION.

We have already hailed Eden Phillpotts* master, and in taking up a new novel of his one has but to compare it with its predecessor, since there is no other English novelist now living and writing with whom it would be fair to compare him. In the present novel he is once more upon the moors of Dartmoor. A certain freshness and vivid life that he gained from touching a new subject in "The Haven" is absent, but the love of the land and the intimate knowledge of every phase of the earth's surface is here, together with a relentless study of human character. No single character is as lovable as Ned in "The Haven," though Barbara Hext, sensible, kindly, upright, is admirable. Of the characters the plot turns upon, Phillip Ouldsbroom, violent, unscrupulous, generous, a drunkard and a sort of suspicious peasant Lear; Unity his wife, who married him for money and then deceived him; Henry Birdwood, the discarded lover and afterwards father of her illegitimate child; none are lovable. The best one can say is that the author's faithful realism is profoundly interesting and the slow deterioration of character following upon the initial mistake acutely drawn. Indeed, the author's own idea of morals is not so far removed from that of his own Barbara: "Read Job and steady your mind. Who can tell what's good and what's bad? The thing that looks good often—"

One may fancy at a hasty glance that one has, in the discourses of Maria† upon her friends, churches, social aspirations, concerts, charities, poetry, etc., a light and amusing volume wherewith to

* "The Thief of Virtue." By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

† "According to Maria." By Mrs. John Lane. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

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while away an idle hour. But no! here is one of those relentless portraits drawn to make us all uncomfortable and uneasy. However much we may despise Maria, we yet wonder if any of her mean self-seeking, her shortsighted grasping after unearned eminence, lurks half hidden in us. This is no light reading, but a book to waken moral qualms, a pitiless portrait of a type, the natural outgrowth of modern conditions in which so many honors can be won by mere wealth and pretentions, that it is no wonder Maria learned to believe there was no citadel she could not storm. It is not an exalted or an ennobling book, but it is a very clever one, and one at least to make many people squirm uneasily. The mirror is held up unblushingly to our meaner selves.

Vital, alive, full of meat and matter, a little crude and uncooked, with just a faint trail of vulgarity over the whole, is this last volume by Gertrude Atherton.* The pictures of Münich are interesting and the setting is faithfully done. The "Styr" is fine, if unsympathetic, and the young Englishman who is the chief figure of the piece is just a little contemptible, despite his creator's evident fondness for him. It is interesting to note that she has drawn him with all the love and care and fidelity which the older novelists were wont to lavish on the young heroine. Women have been as tenderly drawn by men, but it would be difficult to find a parallel of a young man as lovingly drawn by a woman. To be sure, George Eliot lavished infinite thought and pains upon Deronda, but, after all, it was an *idea* she was drawing, not a man. The study of passion in all its phases is cleverly, if not nobly, worked up, and the book is a full and conscientious piece of work. Such fault as one would find with it would concern only a certain coarseness of fibre, a *grobheit* of texture which is perhaps inevitable and belongs of very nature to such a book.

If "Mr. Polly"† is offered as a pendant to "Ann Veronica" he is not good enough for the place. That rebellious daughter had at least a robust vitality and, as one critic mentioned, she meant well. But he is dyspeptic, low-spirited and means noth-

* "The Tower of Ivory." By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

† "The History of Mr. Polly." By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co., 1910.

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ing at all. The sad case of the small tradesman crowded into bankruptcy by the department stores lies at Mr. Wells's heart for good and sufficient reasons, doubtless, but it has not yet been written. Mr. Polly would have failed, more or less, anywhere, at any time, except perhaps on a Pacific island before the white man came. There seems small profit in being sorry for him over 318 pages. The tragedy of mean people of the stuff that classical comedy is cut from can indeed be written, but only by a man big enough to laugh at their meanness and pierce below it to squeeze his little piece of human nature (as a great critic once put it) until it grimaces or bleeds. Not the surface and sentiment, but essential humanity and cosmical irony, is wanted to write the history of our own times. "Tono-Bungay" had the virtue of setting down a period whole and complete as a picture of Degas or a novel of de Goncourt's, and it had the greater virtue of vibrating for a moment to the great current of contemporary life. But "Mr. Polly," when he has done whimpering, is become impossible and — which is worse — incredible.

This is a very different book from "The Inner Shrine" with its fashionable New York and American-French society. This one is full of the breath of the woods and the clear air that blows across lakes. It plays in the Adirondacks, the Argentine Republic and New York.

Some novels are studies of life made with deliberate intent "to warn, to comfort and command." They show up Life, contract its rhythm till we see causes begetting effects and effects working out again into new causes. There is another kind of novel more distantly related to life written to amuse us, to lead us into more fanciful paths when reality by its dulness and slowness threatens to bore us; and it is to this latter class that "The Wild Olive"* belongs.

Once again this author gives us a very brave and very able heroine. His women are so capable, so high-minded and gallant-hearted, that they incline to throw the men somewhat in the shade, and Miriam, the heroine, in this volume, proud of the savage taint in her blood, is no exception to the rule.

* "The Wild Olive." By the author of "The Inner Shrine." New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

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If the humor with which Miss Jarrott is drawn is occasionally a little overdone, the gentle irony with which the typical man's woman is done in Evie is delightful. If a woman had drawn her we should call it malicious jealousy. She is the perfect egoist, worldly and canny under a mask of absolute innocence and she has a practised hand at making her impulses seem to be the demands of duty.

The plot is complicated, elaborately worked out and too good to be divulged in a review.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture fills a place in this year of grace that a decade ago belonged to Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey and a quarter century ago to an infinitely finer figure than either of them, Miss Yonge. You can safely give her books to any girl, and yet they will interest, for they deal with love, courtship and marriage. They are the more wholesome for the young girl because they deal with other matters as well—with anxieties of middle life, with the relation of mothers to sons and daughters outside the nursery, where the interest lies in the riper life and the maturer character. The filial tie, the responsible figure—these are good motives. In "The Tyrant"* the story opens with a situation that the new world and the new century have not yet abolished—a husband who is a bully and a wife who is afraid. But it all works out uncommonly easy and well; a deed falls out of a box, money flows, the husband is sent off and finally killed off, every one finds a suitable mate. The most improbable is that the scared mouse of a wife finds courage for something not far from blackmail. Yet how sweet are the gardens, the flower scents, the still air as of August afternoons! How gentle the old women, how flower-like the girls! If life were like that, how easy would life be, and how fair!

"Trespass"† is a refreshment to the weary soul. Here is meat at last after too much sweet stuff. Here is serious writing, and it is a gallant book. The little innkeeper, with his passionate virtues and his stunted inches, catches the sympathy at the

* "The Tyrant." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

† "Trespass." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1909.

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very start and he never flags. What he began rather touchingly he ends rather greatly; you cannot be sorry for him any more; as soon could you be sorry for the Noble Army of Martyrs, and the story itself, which opens perhaps fantastically, ends on that note of deep irony which passes into reconciliation. People being what they are, there is but a little choice between better and worse—the affection is all. Whatever Stephen did not know about his Julia he had to learn at the last, and whatever she gave to Heron he had to do without, but he had her child. Having borne so much, he could bear the rest and make out a good sort of week-day life with the child for supreme satisfaction. Lives are made out thus and not so ill. Julia is light of weight with more of Lilith than of Eve about her. It is a pity that the best relation in the book should be the final understanding between a brave sweet soul and a low sort of brute, even though the brave soul is a foolish innkeeper with no taste and the other a poet and man of letters. It is a pity there should be no decent woman—spiritually speaking—to relieve the tension.

A pretty by-product is "The Shoulder Knot"* in which the author amuses herself by saving the soul of her most recent villain. Christine is a lovely *amende honorable* for Julia Wing and Peter Bonsey is Heron saved at the price of blindness. Meredith was always in love with his heroines; women are too apt to grow enamoured of their own puppets. This one at least has tricked out her escapade into a charming fantasia in which sea and downs play a better part than the devil, and more convincing. This is hammock reading good for hot afternoons.

FOREIGN FICTION.

If any man will know whether youth is irretrievably past, let him read "*La Croisée des Chemins.*"† The chances are that the first half of it will stir dear memories, make him twenty-one again, bring back the Quartier when he knew Paris, evoke the theories and standards of the ardent age. And then—the second half is fifteen years later; the society, the fashions, the motor-

* "The Shoulder Knot." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Boston: Cassel & Co., 1909.

† "*La Croisée des Chemins.*" Par Henry Bordeaux. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1910.

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cars and the Sorbonne are all fifteen years older; and the ideals are more ancient by fifteen thousand years. It is an extraordinary test. For a moment one stops and perceives the passage of life, the shifting of ages, and measures it; then one forgets again that anything was ever different from to-day, whatever to-day may be.

This story of the cross-roads, the parting of the ways, is concerned really more with the ways than with the people that walk them. Pascal Rouvray himself, the young physician of brilliant promise, is real and likely enough, especially at the outset, and if he grows a little dull when he has turned forty that, too, is like life. Laurence Avenière, to whom he has just engaged himself, is an interesting type, and convincing almost throughout. She is independent—the youngsters have arranged their own affairs quite without family intervention—she is very ambitious and very self-possessed with a stronger sense of her own power than an Anglo-Saxon girl would have and a juster sense of the problem she has to settle. She does not try to sentimentalize away the incompatibilities; she knows that if her husband were a provincial doctor she would not be contented. And that is the truth, and the salvation of the two is to realize it. The least convincing part of the story is her revenge on Pascal for letting her throw him over, when, a mature woman deep in politics, she encounters him again in the tide of his new-won success. She would be more in love or less. The last scene in which she figures is pale and placid compared with the terrible hours of the young girl stubbornly standing out for her own will against her own heart. The tense, suffering, grim little figure was extraordinarily vital. Later, with her pale gold hair, her white frocks, the great swan's wings in her hat, she is too nearly like the adventuress of Boulevard melodrama.

The essence of the story is as far as possible from melodrama. It is simply a restatement of the old issue, old as man and older, between the individual and the race. Fifteen years ago, when we all were young, we swallowed Ibsen and Nietzsche down whole and threw up our caps for the rights of youth—the chance to live one's own life, to repudiate the past, to begin the world over again every morning. Unmistakably Mr. Henry Bordeaux was one of us then; he writes from the heart. But something strange has happened—that old doctrine looks as tawdry as a

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theatre in the morning. We are all shouting for the Whole and the Race, the protection of those who cannot look out for themselves, old-age pensions, labor legislation and eugenics. Only the children in the schoolroom still quite believe in Ibsen and even Mr. G. B. Shaw has thrown him over. It began ever so long ago with Johannisfeuer perhaps; gallant Nora, tragic Hedda would not have made the choice of Sudermann's strong, silent heroine. Then Carl Ewald's troubling story of "The Old Room" was translated, the story of a woman whose sense was all of herself and a man whose sense was all of his stock, past and to come, his line; and the end of them was that when grief struck them he had the ghosts of his dead and she had not even the husband whom she had once chafed against. Meantime, in these years, how has the French stage occupied itself incessantly with all those questions which are too big for one life to embrace, which will do us no good but which we are none the less bound with all our strength to serve. M. Henry Bordeaux feels the absence of sympathy between himself and the students that throng the Mont Sainte-Geneviève to-day; if there is none it must be the boys and girls who are out of touch with advancing thought. Young Pascal Rouvray was in the great current when with his career and his love at stake, being called on his father's death to throw up all, to watch over a woman and two children and save the family credit in manufactures—in the teeth of all his theories, of all his wishes and his friends' influence, of his very personal will, it would seem, he makes the sacrifice. What his father and his mother did he does. The figure of the mother, by the way, is very beautiful and very French. We in America are hardly used to so superb a part for a woman elderly and married. She is really—and it expresses the very essence of the whole thesis—the finest and most convincing figure, but the book itself is more convincing and finer than any figure. It shows how the tide sets.

In our own land not the stoutest-hearted novelist would dare offer us a novel* of 877 closely printed pages containing pictures of peasant life, mystic philosophy founded on Spinoza and lyric poetry in two kinds. Perhaps in our own land there is no writer

* "*Waldrausch.*" By Ludwig Ganghofer. Stuttgart: Verlag von Adolf Bronz & Co.

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so amply furnished forth with matter. Specialization in learning and generalization in living combine to impoverish scholarship and product, but in Germany the good old-fashioned method obtains and a writer is unabashed by wealth of material.

Ludwig Ganghofer is well known as a dramatist, poet and novelist, and is popular, despite the wealth of matter in his books. The present novel plays in Upper Bavaria in the mountains which lie directly south of Münich. A large part of the book is literally the story, not of human beings, but of the wooded mountains themselves, of the Grosse-Noth that had Heiligste Freude as mother; of the spring and the dust of blossoms and the intoxication of new life that in the opening of the year runs through the veins of all nature. The mystic's sense of the unity of all life and of its manifestation by growth and change through all eternity is presented in the songs and the discourse of the old *Waldrauschler;* folk wisdom and human knowledge in the proverbs and advice of the old *Lahneggerin;* while the two youths, Toni and Brosli, sum up two sides of life; the active, fortunate, contented and the ever-searching, suffering, growing life. The glimpse of the little dukedom, the young duchess born to earthly possessions, gifted, flower-like, beautiful and yet shunned by human happiness, bereft of peace, suffering in body and soul, helplessly clamoring at an outworn faith for solace, fill the canvas with human types. When Ambrose pours out to the *Waldrauschler* in world-weariness his yearning for the last cold rest, the hundred-year-old hermit sums up the wisdom of living thus:

"I could tell you a thousand things of the *gusto* of life. Every hour in the woods is one of a hunting of treasure and finding of gold. Think what it is to look so deep into things and see the oneness of it all. And to feel that one is oneself not just here and now, but in all eternity. To laugh and to tremble from sheer joy when, once in a way, one feels that he has lifted ever so little the cover of the great mystery—to see how from a thousand faces the same eyes look out; to know that what glows and breathes and beats in one has been from all time and must be forever and ever; to feel that others are as oneself and oneself as they are; and then to lose all fear, all the stupid human anxieties; and to begin to understand and yet to know nothing—nothing. See, boy! can you not begin to feel the joy that the years bring?"

Ganghofer is a new Auerbach offering an interpretation of life that has indeed been from time immemorial, but is to-day taking on new forms and reaching more thinkers; an interpretation of

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life and of religion succinctly summed up in Swinburne's "Hertha."

It can hardly be called a conventional dénouement when a novel ends at the point where the chief character loses love, fortune and success and is sent forth into the unknown of unwritten pages with nothing but a new realization of the philosophic import of life. But so this novel ends. As Brosli passes out he knows that, no matter what goes, all is not lost; for life itself goes on, and where the corpses of the dead are strewn the seeds of new life spring.

These are interesting types, of the kind that modern French books are full of. Pierre* is a self-made man, not too scrupulous, who gets a conscience from his wife by a sort of infection and expiates in the swift agony of a day and a half his long years of splendid brutal survival as the fittest. Thérèse is a big, handsome woman with a strong moral sense and great independence and character, and an artistic preoccupation to keep her out of mischief and give a kind of independence to her life before marriage; she is frankly, deliciously and very wholesomely in love when she marries, and she has a fine instinct to defend and protect her mate without lowering her standards for herself or him. In a very lovely bit she broods over his sleep like Ste.-Geneviève over Paris. The other figures are more conventional: a cold-blooded flirt of a younger sister, also rather emancipated, who comes to a better end than she deserves; a rich millionaire in politics; and for foil, a neurotic young man, half artist, half artisan, who is either employed below his proper class or educated above it—one is not quite sure. This all sounds like George Eliot or Mrs. Humphry Ward in her early days, but it is not in the least like either. Sound and healthy is the sentiment, and the book is as much like an English novel as Thérèse is like an English girl—neither of them quite so like as the author believes.

"*Les Cervelines*"† has gone into another printing and appeared among the new books. It is not so good as Mme. Colette

* "*Pierre et Thérèse.*" Par Marcel Prevost. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre.
† "*Les Cervelines.*" Par Colette Yver. Paris: Librairie Felix Juven, 1909.

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Yver's later novel, "*Princesses de Science*," but like that it offers the interesting situations and figures of women who fill a man's place and do a man's work in the world. One in the present instance is a medical student, the *interne* of a provincial hospital, the other is a professor in the same town. The tale turns upon the profound jealousy that most men feel towards such women. In this country, unspoken but still present, it is reduced to express itself in jokes of doubtful taste; in slurs cast on the work rather than the character of such women as have a part to play in economics or law or trades-unions; in anti-suffrage associations. It is not so much that a man grudges to women the price of their toil or the actual place they fill as that he resents her independence of himself. He will give them leave to do anything except to do without him. In every situation of that sort some one must get hurt, and in this novel it is the men. The two women, not untroubled, but quite unshaken, go on their careers. The "*Princesses de Science*" ends otherwise, the successful physician giving up her practice to keep her husband, and knowing all the time, just as the reader knows, that she is the better man of the two. There is no question who is hurt that time—the world is. France seems, in a way, ahead of us in the matter of open careers for women of talent—a fair field and no favor.

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